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The Critic

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SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1893

The Pastel

WE ARE, apparently, on the eve of the introduction of a new literary fashion, not wholly dissimilar to the translation of the French rondeaus, villanelles and their like, into our verse-forms. This fashion also is French, and is also light and delicate as those verse-forms are; but the pastel, to which I allude, is not poetry, except so far as the essence and glow of poetic thought are pressed into prose. No one of our dictionaries describes the pastel, in its literary meaning, not even the recent and exhaustive "Century Dictionary," although the literary article, in France so named, has long been known.

What it is is perhaps easier felt than defined. The pastel in art is the colored crayon, or the picture which it makes, denominated by Hamerton "dry painting." The polychrome crayon piece by the artist has little strength or virility, though it gives often a pleasing dash of sentiment and color. So the literary analogue of it has the same light foundation and texture. Neither is durable, though each is capable of pretty fancies. In literature this pastel is so essentially of the French spirit that, removed from its native environment, one has a feeling that it is out of place. It requires the crisp staccato style; which is all the better if somewhat epileptic—a vogue which not only Victor Hugo but any number of French authors find extremely natural, and which the too matter-of-fact writers in English must force themselves to produce.

In the last Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* (Dec. 1892), two of our noted magazinists disported themselves by a trial of the pastel. It would be too severe a judgment to say that they made distinct failures of this literary exercise; for Mr. Matthews and Miss Wilkins are too expert in the author's art to do what would justify that conclusion. But I don't think it is easy to read what they have produced with deep interest, or without feeling that the artifice and affectation which seem almost a part of the form are too constantly apparent. The brevity which Miss Wilkins allows herself is quite in keeping with the nature of the vehicle so jauntily assumed—for the French pastel is really a little study (without a very definite beginning or end) of a trifling topic which lacks complexity, and needs little more than a very moderate space.

To make the properly deft touch, to feel for the right tone or color, and to impress an atmosphere—such is the function of the pastel. It has nothing to do with logic; the narrative (if there is one) must be simply intimated, or it must usually be guessed by the reader. Dramatic force would make it too substantial; and a startling climax is not its aim, as there must be no part emphasized so as to break up the even perspective. You are merely to take out your mental kodak and catch a brief section from the vagrant panorama of ideas that moves orderly through your mind on a given subject, and when the picture is finished, you simply title it a pastel. But you must have chosen a poetic mood, and you must have faith and experience in simplicity.

Mr. Harrison S. Morris, who has given to *Arcadia*—a bright Montreal journal—a neat parody-burlesque of the pastel, adds a few pungent sentences upon it. He says:—"Oddity, modernity, and, shall we say, *préciosité*, are the ingredients of the pastel, and its essence is affectation." He calls it Ollendorffian; and the "pastelleteer" the seeker after "odd similitudes." His work is a "new order of poetry which is not verse, and prose which is not metre." To examine well the American samples we have before us is to note, above all else, how perilously near the pastel comes to the ridiculous. And, after all, unless one has a particularly pretty bouquet of thought that will not yield itself to

ordinary disposal, he may better be content with the literary forms that are known and common. JOEL BENTON.

Literature

Columbus's Report of his Discovery

1. *The Letter of Columbus on the Discovery of America. A Facsimile of the Pictorial Edition, etc.* 30 cts. New York: Lenox Library.
2. *The Spanish Letter of Columbus, written by him on Feb. 15, 1493, to announce the Discovery of America: Reproduced in Facsimile, etc.* 40 cts. London: Bernard Quaritch.
3. *The Latin Letter of Columbus, printed in 1493: Reproduced in Facsimile, with a Preface.* 30 cts. Bernard Quaritch.

WHEN COLUMBUS was approaching Spain on his return from his first voyage, he wrote, besides the completion of his journal intended for the information of his sovereigns, and of which we have only the abstract preserved by Las Casas, two letters to special friends who held high positions in the royal court. One of these was Luis de Santangel, Treasurer of King Ferdinand; the other was Gabriel Sanchez, who bore, with a somewhat different title, the same office under Queen Isabella. These letters are so nearly alike in their contents as to leave no doubt that one was copied from the other, with such alterations and additions as would naturally occur to a writer in preparing a transcript of one of his own letters to a friend, for another correspondent. The dates of the letters show that the one addressed to Santangel was the original, from which that to Sanchez was copied. The internal evidence is to the same effect. In a copy so made, we should naturally expect to find explanatory amplifications of some passages, and occasional omission of apparent redundancies. These characteristics actually appear, and they lead, as will presently be seen, to some important inferences.

It happened that the letter to Sanchez was, if not the first actually published, at least the one which became the best known, by numerous editions, printed in various parts of Europe; and it is therefore, in some collections of documents relating to the voyage, placed before the other, as though it had been the first draft. This is the more singular as we possess the letter to Santangel in the original Spanish, while we have the Sanchez copy only in the translation made by "the noble and learned man" (as he is styled in the introductory note), Leander de Cosco, into flowing though not always classical Latin. Of this translation there are several editions, printed in Rome, Basle and Paris in 1493 or 1494, showing, by their number and wide distribution, the great interest excited by the discovery. The Lenox Library counts several of these now extremely rare publications among its most valued treasures, and particularly rejoices in the possession of the only complete copy of what is known as the "pictorial edition," in 20 pages, supposed to have been published by Bergmann de Olpe at Basle in 1493. The Trustees of the Library, with creditable liberality, have ordered the publication of a facsimile of this book, with a literal translation, accompanied by a complete reprint of four other early editions, and prefaced with a careful introduction by the Assistant Librarian, Mr. Wilberforce Eames, the whole making a tasteful and attractive little volume, sold at a price bringing it within easy reach of all purchasers. A study of this remarkable letter, in the light cast upon it by a comparison with its original draft in the letter to Santangel; of which we have now a facsimile and excellent translation from Mr. Bernard Quaritch, brings out the traits of the great discoverer's character and intellect better than they can be learned, in such brief compass, from any other source.

In this unconscious self-portrayal he appears altogether noble and admirable. Benevolence, justice, piety, largeness of soul, high aspirations, great conceptions for the good of the human race, shine throughout the whole composition, and

culminate at the close in a splendid burst of enthusiasm. His pictures of the natural attractions of the newly discovered islands—"the great and beautiful mountains," the groves of stately trees with foliage green and flourishing in November, and vocal then with the songs of birds, the vast fertile plains, "very suitable for planting and cultivating, and for the building of houses," the many safe and convenient harbors, "the remarkable number of rivers contributing to the healthfulness of man," are charming in themselves and indicative of the bent of his thoughts towards a brilliant future for his new world. Not less pleasing are his descriptions of the gentle and kindly people who inhabited this paradise—simple, trusting and trustworthy, always friendly, generous to a fault, willing to exchange with the sailors their most valuable possessions of cotton and gold for articles of trivial value—fragments of barrel hoops, glasses, and jars, "which," he says, "I forbade, because it was very unjust; and (he adds) I gave them many beautiful and pleasing things which I had brought with me, no value being taken in exchange." Yet, he affirms, "they are not slow or stupid, but of excellent and acute understanding." He declares that they practised no kind of idolatry, but believed that all strength and power and goodness were in heaven; and he looks forward with confidence to their speedy conversion to the Christian faith.

And here an opportunity occurs of clearing up a singular misapprehension of one of the most persistent and bitterly prejudiced assailants of Columbus's memory. We are told by this writer that "almost in the same breath" in which the discoverer had made known the existence of these innocent and friendly natives, he had, in his letter to Santangel, "suggested the future of a slave traffic out of that very existence." It is quite true that he mentions in that letter as among the "countless things of value" which the islands might afford for his sovereigns "slaves as many as they shall order to be shipped." But then follows a qualifying expression which this writer has strangely overlooked—"and these shall be from the idolaters." As he had affirmed that the friendly natives were not idolaters, it is clear that those whom he had in mind were the ferocious man-eating Caribs, whom he had just before described as the deadly enemies of his hospitable and generous friends. It is probable that there was not another commander of that age who would not have deemed the Caribs fit subjects, not for mere slavery, but rather for utter extermination. Such was the sentiment with which, in the enlightened seventeenth century, so good and pious and naturally humane a leader as Champlain regarded a far less barbarous race, the Iroquois, whom he attacked and slaughtered without provocation and without mercy, merely as being the enemies of his Algonquin friends. If Columbus was in this one respect a few decades behind our age, he was at least three centuries in advance of his own.

The manner in which the expressions in the Santangel letter are amplified in the Sanchez transcript, either for explanation or to mark the varying emotions of the writer, whose feelings kindled as he wrote, is strikingly shown in the concluding appeals of the two letters. Neither of these could have been written except by a man endowed not only with a world-embracing philanthropy, but also with the true prescience of genius. For the exhibition of this grand character, as well as for the curious comparison of his changing moods, they well deserve to be quoted together. The letter to Santangel, written "off the Azores," in the midst of the depressing anxieties of the return voyage, concludes with a few grave sentences which display his constant piety and his firm assurance of the great results which would flow from his discovery:—

"This is ever certain, that God grants to those that walk in His ways the performance of things which seem impossible; and this enterprise might in a signal manner have been considered so, for although many have talked of these countries, yet it has been nothing more than conjecture. Our Saviour having vouchsafed this victory to our most illustrious king and queen and their kingdoms, famous for so eminent a deed, all Christendom should rejoice and give solemn thanks to the Holy Trinity for the addition

of so many people to our holy faith, and also for the temporal profit accruing not only to Spain, but to all Christians."

Later, in his letter to Sanchez, dated on the day after leaving Lisbon for Palos, the thoughts condensed in these brief and sedate sentences expand into a glowing outburst of enthusiasm, which can only be compared to the swell of a magnificent anthem, or to the organ-roll of some of Milton's stately periods:—

"Truly great and wonderful is this, and not corresponding to our merits, but to the holy Christian faith, and to the piety and religion of our sovereigns; because what the human understanding could not attain, that the divine will has granted to human efforts. For God is wont to listen to His servants who love His precepts, even in impossibilities, as has happened to us on the present occasion, who have attained that which hitherto mortal men have never reached. For if anyone has written or said anything about these islands, it was all with obscurities and conjectures. No one claims that he had seen them; from which they seemed like fables. Therefore let the king and queen, the princes, and their most fortunate kingdoms, and all other countries of Christendom, give thanks to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who has bestowed upon us so great a victory and gift. Let religious processions be solemnized. Let sacred festivals be held. Let the churches be covered with festive garlands. Let Christ rejoice on earth as He rejoices in heaven, when He foresees coming to salvation so many souls of people hitherto lost. Let us be glad also, as well on account of the exaltation of our faith, as on account of the increase of our temporal weal, of which not only Spain but universal Christendom will be partakers."

Something of the popular enthusiasm anticipated in this glowing appeal was apparent a few weeks later in the intoxicating triumph of the famous journey of Columbus from Palos to Barcelona and his reception in that city, so graphically described by Irving. But this temporary glow of excitement, kindled mainly by curiosity and dreams of avarice, soon faded away under the fast-coming reverses. Time at last has brought its requitals. Four centuries, almost to the day, after these lofty anticipations of the great discoverer were made known to the world, a splendid manifestation, in which all nations of the globe are to take part, will show them to have been more than realized. The results cannot be better described than in the appropriate and touching words in which his illustrious biographer, kindred with him in genius and in humanity, closes his history of the "Life and Voyages of Columbus":—

"With all the visionary fervor of his imagination [writes Irving] its fondest dreams fell short of the reality." "How would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations and tongues and languages which were to fill its land with his renown, and revere and bless his name to the latest posterity."

Miss Thomas's New Poems

Fair Shadow Land. By Edith M. Thomas. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

QUALITY, rare and exquisite, is the chief characteristic of the poems in this volume. Everywhere, from the brief bits of fancy in single couplets to the longer flights of imagination in sonnets and more extended poems, one finds the unmistakable tokens of the true poet. The poet touches nothing without imparting to it a new charm, a clearer beauty, a deeper significance, or a soul of music wherewith it steals softly and surely into the memory of the heart. None of our singers surpasses Miss Thomas in purity of voice. The compass of the voice is limited, indeed, but within its scope it sings with precision and with all the delicacy of note that belongs to a flute. There is about her poems a grace that makes them seem akin to buds and blossoms, a melody that hints of winds blowing through pine-trees and brooks bubbling through pebbly wood-ways, and an individuality for which the only similes are sunlight and shadow. Nature makes her a special confidante and withholds from her no secret. All the characters in classic mythology are known

to her. Out of the shadowy past she calls them one by one and bids them live again for us wearing a new guise.

The great refinement of her work, the tenuity of the silvery string whence she wins such fairy-like strains of song, the tendency of her moods to be unaffected by the lives and experiences of the material world about her,—these things are apt so to impress one that one is in danger of not recognizing the ever-constant and deep undercurrent of thought in all that she writes. The strength of this undercurrent has been much augmented since Miss Thomas published "Lyrics and Sonnets," and this may properly be attributed to the fact that during the last two or three years she has lived amid the hurry and noise of a great city. "Fair Shadow Land" contains poetry that reflects the new influences which have surrounded the poet, but there is no sign of a waning love for the leafy solitudes wherein long ago she first met the goddess. She could not love the town so much, did she not love the country more.

We do not consider it necessary to allude to particular poems in this collection. The average excellence of all is remarkably uniform. But as it seems a little unappreciative of a book not to allow it to speak for itself, we quote two brief lyrics to grace our prose:—

LETHE

"Remembrance followed him into the skies.
They met. Awhile mute Sorrow held him thrall.
Then broke he forth in spirit words and sighs:—
"Great was my sin! but at my contrite call
Came pardon and the hope of Paradise;
If this be Heaven, thy blessing on me fall!"
She looked. Peace filled her unremembering eyes;
She knew him not—she had forgotten all."

DE MORTUIS

"They read upon a tomb in Samarcand,
If I were living, none were glad thereof.
This legend two alone can understand,—
Who loves no more—who is forgot by love."

Of the book as a specimen of the bookmaker's art, one has to admire and commend the pretty cover and the clear typography; but why the captions should be allowed to come anywhere, from the top to the bottom of a page, is a mystery. If any poet deserves to have her songs beautifully set in print, surely Miss Edith Thomas does.

"Chambers's Encyclopædia" Completed

Vol. X., completing the new edition. \$3. J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE TENTH and last volume of the new edition of "Chambers's Encyclopædia" contains articles from Swastika to Zyrianorsk, of which about forty of the principal are copyrighted in America. Among those thus protected is the article on Swift, by Stanley Lane-Poole, who says of his subject that "in spite of his bitter moods he hardly ever lost a friend." The article on Thoreau is by John Burroughs, and is, of course, not written, like that just mentioned, in an apologetic manner, though it is hardly more pleasant to contemplate Thoreau doing odd jobs of white-washing for a living after the Walden episode than it is to observe Swift's slow decay in his deanery. Mr. H. B. Baildon, writing of Whitman, says that "all the auspices seem in favor of Whitman's immortality." "Although Whitman, like Carlyle and Browning, may be a dangerous and dangerously easy model for disciples to imitate, he undoubtedly worked out for himself a style of distinction as stable as theirs." His precursors, Mr. Baildon seems to think, are the English Bible, Macpherson's "Ossian" and Blake in his later poems. The same writer is author of the article on Whittier, who is best, he thinks, "when he soars into spiritual and even mystic spheres." When the sketch of Tennyson was written, which Prof. Palgrave contributes to this work, the Laureate was "happily still among us"; and Taine, too, had not passed away when his biographer briefly sketched his life.

The article on Thackeray is by Mrs. Richmond Thackeray-Ritchie, and is to a great extent biographical. P. G. Hamerton writes on Titian, whose personal character he

evidently does not think much of; and of Turner, whose moroseness he condones as that of a man of elegant tastes whose appearance was against him. A long, statistical article on the United States is made up of contributions by Profs. F. B. Greene, N. S. Shaler, Edward Channing and Robert Ellis Thompson, and by Mr. Richard G. Boone, who writes of education. Articles on "The Theatre," by Robert W. Lowe; on "Zoölogy," by J. Arthur Thomson; on "Taste," by Prof. Haycraft; on "Wood-engraving," by J. R. Fairman; and on "Zola," by George Saintsbury, are among the most important in the volume. There are maps (among others) of the world, of the United States (in two parts), of Tennessee, Texas and Indian Territory, Utah, Vermont, Virginia and West Virginia, Washington, the West India Islands, Wisconsin, Wyoming, and the Yosemite Valley. The work, as now finished, is in all important respects new, and takes stock, as the editor puts it, of the advances made in every department of science since the last edition. This last volume contains an index to the whole work. If we had to choose between dispensing with this new "Chambers's Encyclopædia" and a standard dictionary, we are afraid the dictionary would have to go.

"How to Know the Wild-Flowers"

By Mrs. William S. Dana. \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.

MRS. WILLIAM STARR DANA has taken a hint from John Burroughs, and tells us "How to Know the Wild-Flowers" by arranging them under their colors, as white, yellow, pink, red, blue and purple in the first place, and as spring, summer and autumn flowers in the second. The mere sight of a botanical "key," with its complicated wards, is sufficient to deter most people from trying to unlock the door to this department of knowledge, and some simpler plan for finding the popular and botanical names of a flower has long been a desideratum. The best plan of all would be to picture in their natural colors and as they grow a sufficient number of the leading species; but that would, we suppose, be too costly a mode of illustration for a popular book. Mrs. Dana has done the next best thing in associating with herself Miss Marion Satterlee, who has provided one hundred and four pen-and-ink illustrations. A bowing acquaintance with a century of wild-flowers will not make a bad beginning; and as the author does not include those plants that everybody knows, and as many of her four hundred descriptions (more or less) refer to plants nearly related to those pictured, the reader may perhaps reckon on learning with ease to know double that number. He will be certain, however, to wish, by the time he is so far advanced, that Mrs. Dana had extended her list of "Notable Plant Families." The flowers themselves become much more interesting when we are able to recognize the plant to which they belong at all seasons; and this knowledge is in many cases best attained or kept in mind by studying family traits. Those of the lily, rose, ranunculus, heath and some other families are sufficiently marked as regards the majority of their species to be included along with the composites, umbelliferae, pulse, mint and orchis families which she describes.

Evidently Mrs. Dana is a lover of out-door life; her heart is in what she describes. She knows the marshes and the mountains, the beaches and the meadows, the woods through which the Potomac flows, and the banks of the Hudson; she has noted the flowers that grow by the roadways in Central Park as well as those that bloom among the sheer crags of the Catskills; she has been abroad at all seasons, from early spring, when the shad-bush blossoms, to late fall, the time of the glory of aster and golden-rod. Moreover, Mrs. Dana knows not only out-door life, but the writings of those who themselves have likewise loved it and have dwelt on it in prose or verse; she quotes with excellent choice from the volumes of many of our favorite authors, as Thoreau and Burroughs, and especially from the poets—from E. M. Dickinson and Margaret Deland, from Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant and above all Emerson. By so doing she has rendered a real service, for she has helped to give to our

woodland sights and sounds that charm of literary association which counts for so much, and of which there is as yet in our new world comparatively so little.

To sum up, Mrs. Dana has done well a piece of work which was well worth doing.

Mr. Lang's Edition of Scott

Waverley. By Sir Walter Scott. 2 vols. \$5. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. New York: Bryan, Taylor & Co.

IN HIS INTRODUCTORY "Note" to the new "International Limited Edition" of the *Waverley Novels*, Mr. Andrew Lang, the editor, explains the special aim that he keeps before him. It is "to give the stories their historical setting, by stating the circumstances in which they were composed and made their first appearance." To this end he not only reprints the author's prefaces, with the occasional corrections by Lockhart, but in his own notes he draws largely upon Lockhart's "Life of Scott" and on Scott's correspondence still preserved at Abbotsford, which he has been permitted to examine. He admits, however, that Lockhart has left little for his successors to do in this way, and what the reader will most enjoy in Mr. Lang's notes to *Waverley* is Mr. Lang himself, though, as this is an edition for book-lovers, his memoranda on the books referred to by Sir Walter and the prices which they brought in Sir Walter's time will probably prove of interest. He is also great on points of Highland genealogy and on myths, Celtic and other. We doubt, by the way, that Ogham, the old Celtic method of writing, was ever properly spelled "Oggam."

The new edition justifies its claims to the attention of book-lovers by the artistic character of its illustrations, which are mostly etchings after paintings by well-known artists. The two volumes of "*Waverley*" contain an etched portrait of Scott, by H. W. Batley, after the painting by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.; "The Hold of a Highland Robber" (*Waverley* in Donald Bean Lean's cave), by R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.; "Prince Charles Edward in Shelter," by H. M. Raeburn, after Robert Herdman, R.S.A.; a Highland soldier "Disbanded," by F. Huth, after John Pettie, R.A.; and some ten other etchings and photo-etchings. All of these are on heavy Japanese paper; and the printing of the plates, as well as of the type, reflects great credit on the University Press. The edition is limited to one thousand copies, and will be sold by subscription only, in complete sets, at a price (at the outset) of \$2.50 per volume. The publishers reserve the right to advance this price to \$3 per volume when nine-tenths of the edition is subscribed for. That this advance will soon be made is highly probable, so great is the popularity of the author, and so unusual the sumptuousness of the dress here given to the children of his brain.

Ghost-Lore

1. *The World of the Unseen: An Essay on the Relation of Higher Space to Things Eternal.* By Arthur Willink. \$1.25. Macmillan & Co.
2. *Hermetic Philosophy.* By Styx. Vol. III. \$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.
3. *Psychics: Facts and Theories.* By the Rev. Minot J. Savage. \$1. Boston: Arena Pub. Co.
4. *Do the Dead Return? By a Clergyman of the Church of England.* G. P. Putnam's Sons.
5. *Where Is My Dog? or, Is Man Alone Immortal?* By the Rev. Charles Josiah Adams. \$1. Fowler & Wells Co.

IT IS NOT wise to say, there can be no such thing as a ghost. The discreet man may assert only, I do not believe in ghosts. The old conception of a ghost as a dead person returned from the underworld, or the upperworld, to communicate with the living has been modified. Mr. F. W. H. Myers, President of the Society for Psychical Research, thinks that a more scientific statement would be that a ghost is phenomenon of persistent energy, which is to say, that the force of personality which a man generates during his lifetime may after his death still linger about the localities to which he was accustomed while alive. The conditions under which ghosts can communicate with the living have been formulated by Mr. Myers in two laws, which we quote:—

"Two such laws I believe to exist. In the first place, I believe that telepathy—the transference of thought through other than sensory channels—exists both as between embodied spirits and as

between embodied and disembodied spirits. I hold that apparitions after-death result from the continued exercise of the same energy by the spirits of the departed. And in the second place, I regard it as analogically probable that 'ghosts' must therefore, as a rule, represent, not conscious or central currents of intelligence, but mere automatic projections from consciousnesses which have their centres elsewhere."

This is in the main the theory of ghosts broached years ago by Mr. Sinnett in his "*Esoteric Buddhism*." It is essentially materialistic. If only we could see a soul abandoning the body at the instant of death, and then follow it in its journey to the spirit-land, we might, we think, have some solid ground for belief. "No one," writes Mr. Willink, "has ever seen a soul departing from the body"; yet if our recollection serves, Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis asserts that he was able to see a human spirit leave its clay carcass at the moment of death, and Mr. Davis's description of the sight answers in a general way to that drawing of Mr. Elihu Vedder's, made to illustrate Fitzgerald's quatrain from Omar Khayyám:—

"Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Wer't not a Shame—wer't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?"

It is easy for us to follow our inclination, and say that belief in ghosts is nothing more than a superstition come down to us from primitive man, from animism, from the primeval ghost theories of Babylon, Egypt, Etruria and the northern nations; but in face of such facts as those observed and recorded by Mr. Savage, we are convinced that, while the dusty caverns of the Sumero-Akkadian Mulil, the Egyptian Land of Amenti, the classic Tartarus and gloomy caves of Dis, and the Norse Nidgard, to say nothing of the Hell of Christian theology, with all their vivid picturesqueness, have ceased to be the contemporary form of faith in the ghost-world, yet the substance of that faith remains to-day as firm and as universal as ever.

The most important contribution to a modern and rational theory of a ghost-world which has come under our ken since Isaac Taylor's "*Physical Theory of Another Life*" is "*The World of the Unseen: An Essay on the Relation of Higher Space to Things Eternal*" (1), by Arthur Willink. This book is at once ingenious and reverent. Its author argues in as simple a way as possible from space of one dimension up to space of four and more ways of extension. It is the clearest presentation, both mathematically and logically, that we have seen. The higher space Mr. Willink concludes is the abode of that "crowd of witnesses," the spirits of the dead who always surround us, for we must not think of the higher spaces as being distant from us in any direction whatever. As the line comprehends the points in it, as the plane comprehends the lines in it, as the solid comprehends the planes in it, so by analogy and by continuity the space of four dimensions, or more, comprehends spaces of fewer dimensions. Why should it not be that spirits, after they are released from the burden of the flesh, inhabit the higher spaces? And why, then, could not they upon occasion manifest themselves out of the higher into the lower spaces? When we look upon certain figures of the space next lower than ours, we call them shadows. Perhaps to dwellers in higher spaces we also look like shadows—like the pictures cast from a magic-lantern.

We would respectfully commend this thought to Styx, the manufacturer of "*Hermetic Philosophy*" (2), the third volume of which we have just been reading. Styx scores Christian science, modern theosophy, magic, spiritism, and other forms of cheap occultism, not a whit more than they deserve; but the fault of our Socratic Philadelphian is that he is so involved in his style as to be well-nigh unintelligible. When we turn to the Rev. Mr. Savage's book, we feel rather grateful to him for the sub-title of his little work—"Psychics: Facts and Theories" (3). The facts are his stories of table-tipping, spirit-rapping, trances, dreams, ghostly apparitions, and the like; the theories are his belief about the same. The stories are too long to quote, and some of them cannot easily be explained by Mr. Myers's laws which we have cited,

or by M. Briere de Boismont's exposition of hallucinations, dreams, visions, etc.; still there is in our mind one little difficulty attending these appearances of disembodied spirits: they add nothing to our knowledge of the spirit-land. That which we wish to learn they do not tell. Their performances are exceptionally trivial, so that we sympathize with the old woman, a character in a recent novel, who dreaded death lest her ghost would be subject to continual calls of mediums to write nonsense on slates, rap on tables, and materialize itself.

The "Clergyman of the Church of England" fully agrees with the clergyman of the Universalist Church of Boston, that the dead do return (4), and occupy themselves in just these fooleries. The English writer tells us that they gave him extraordinary information, but he himself keeps it all *in petto* from a faithless generation. He adds that they write very beautifully and sometimes microscopically, but the facsimiles of spirit-writing that he exhibits in his book are mere scrawls and signify nothing. Again we venture a question, not disrespectful, as we hope, to the spirits:—Why do ghosts always appear in old clothes? We mean this: a ghost of the sixteenth century invariably appears in sixteenth-century costume. In many of the accounts of modern spirit-manifestation, the identity of the spirit is proven by comparison with some old photograph taken long enough before the death of the person in question for the clothes to have been worn out and burned up, or converted into paper. There is one more interesting matter which has been brought to our attention by the Rev. Charles Josiah Adams, with his double-barrelled question, "Where is My Dog? or, Is Man Alone Immortal?" (5). Pathetic as this appeal must be to lovers of dogs, we are powerless to furnish a clear reply. Perhaps it is not aside from the point to answer that for ourselves we do not have any good ground for believing that all men are immortal. If all men are immortal, we can see no good reason why dogs, horses, snakes and old clothes should not also find a continued existence in the ghost-world of higher spaces. By the way, we were charmed with the story that Mr. Adams relates of a dog that was haunted to death by the ghost of a bird that his naughty dogship had killed. The whole subject of ghosts is still a mystery, and these books, except perhaps the first, have added little or nothing to a solution of the questions they raise. For ourselves, we have no theory to offer; we do not deny, we do not assert, we simply await further information.

Recent Fiction

"STORIES IN BLACK AND WHITE" is a collection to which some of the best novelists in England have contributed—Thomas Hardy, J. M. Barrie, Mrs. Oliphant, Grant Allen, etc. "To Please His Wife" is the title of Hardy's story, which is a pathetic study in the life of the class of people in England to whom he has devoted so much of his time and consecrated so much of his work. The woman here robs her friend of her lover, marries him, and he turns out a failure. The other one marries a well-to-do merchant and prospers. Consumed with envy of her rival, the first woman persuades her husband to go to sea in a trading-vessel bound for Newfoundland, and take their two sons with him, hoping they may find on this expedition the fortune they have missed on land. To please his wife, he consents, and he and the boys are never heard of afterwards. The picture Hardy draws of the woman when she begins to realize they are lost is a very powerful one. Barrie's story, "Is It a Man?," has all the richly-mingled humor and pathos, the combination of which in this man's work is almost unsurpassed, and makes it fascinating reading in all circumstances. Most of the tales in this volume are clever and would deserve mention if there were space. (\$1. D. Appleton & Co.)—IN STRIKING CONTRAST with the above-mentioned group of short stories is another called "King Zub," by Walter Herries Pollock. "King Zub" is a stupid, pointless story of a dog, and as we waded along through the others we find very little to relieve the impression made upon us by the first one. Some of them are written in collaboration with Walter Besant and Brander Matthews, but that fact does not seem to help matters at all. One is a translation by Pollock and his wife of one of Tourgueneff's powerful stories. The translation is made from the French edition, and is pretty well done. (\$1.25. Tait, Sons & Co.)

WE HAVE at hand a new edition of "Jean de Kerdren," translated this time by Mrs. Waugh and printed in good type and on good paper. The first edition of this book, already noticed in these pages, was attributed to Jeanne Schultze; this one bears the name of Philippe Saint Hilaire on the title-page. Whether one of these is the real name and the other a pseudonym, or whether the two names represent two different persons, is not explained except by the fact that both editions ascribe the book to the author of "Collette." The story is interesting and might repay a second perusal. In its present form it is the first issue in the Independent Novel Series—a series which promises well. (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—A NEW TRANSLATION of von Suttner's novel called "Ground Arms" has also appeared. An incomplete version of this striking story was published in this country some time since and was reviewed in these columns. It was issued without the sanction of the authoress, and did not give an adequate idea of the work. The present version is called "Lay Down Your Arms," and it was translated by T. Holmes at the request of the International Arbitration and Peace Association, because, apart from its value as a work of fiction, it has a transcendent interest for this society from its bearing on the question of war in general and the present state of Europe in particular. It is a strong novel, and presents the question of disarmament in Europe in its most alluring as well as its most commanding phase. (\$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.)

AN ENGLISH gentleman travelling in France with plenty of time at his disposal goes out of his way to a little village called Ville Marie, where he has been told a remarkable piece of statuary is to be found. He finds the marble and its custodian, and hears its history from this old man who is the sculptor's father. The young artist died just as the statue was completed, and it was sent back from Paris to his native place, and his father was placed in charge of the little museum which contained it. Much interested, the Englishman returns in the afternoon for a second glance at the statue and a second talk with the old man. Not finding him, he enters into conversation with a little girl who proves to be the daughter of the sculptor. On the ground at her feet is a sketch-book which our friend picks up and looks over, idly at first, and then with absorbing interest, such evidences of genius does he see. He asks the child if the sketches are hers, and receives an answer in the affirmative. He leaves, telling her she has a future, and vowing to himself that he will see she has the best education the world affords, wishing her to be his legacy to art. The girl has lied to him; the sketch is her brother's, not hers. Upon this lie and its outcome the whole of the rest of the story hinges, and its development can be followed with great interest. It is well-written and entertaining throughout. It is called "Keith Deramore," and is by the author of "Miss Molly." (\$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.)

"THE CHIEF FACTOR," by Gilbert Parker, is a story of the Hudson Bay Company, part of the action of which passes in Scotland and part in America. The hero is a man of humble birth, a gamekeeper on a large estate in Scotland. He is a man of brains and character, however, and wins the friendship of one who is altogether above him in position and who gives him the opportunity to rise in the world. Just here in the story, of course a woman begins to figure—one whom our hero loves, but of whom he allows himself to believe some ugly stories told him by her enemies. Urged on by distress over this, he enters into the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, and comes to America where he leads a life of thrilling adventure. His energy and perseverance, as well as his great talents, assure his steady promotion, and after a while he becomes the Chief Factor of the Company—in other words, he is invested with supreme command. He then decides to go home to Scotland for a visit, and while there he discovers his mistake with regard to his sweetheart, and they are happy once more. The description given here of the methods of the Hudson Bay Company, and the condition of that portion of America at that time, and the local color displayed in the Scottish portion of the narrative are quite good; otherwise the story is worthless. (\$1. The Home Pub. Co.)

A RUNAWAY on one of the boulevards in Paris is the opening scene of "Dr. Perdue," a novel by Stinson Jarvis. Two ladies are in imminent danger of being killed, when a man, who afterwards proves to be a distinguished physician in Paris, knocks them over into the street and thereby saves their lives. An acquaintance ensues, which results in a marriage between the doctor and one of these women. They are not much in love with each other; she marries him because he is a man whose reputation is world-wide and whose position is an enviable one; and he marries her because he thinks that he can settle down with her as well as with anyone. They move to England, and there discover that they can only agree to disagree, that there can be no harmony in life together, and that it will be better for Dr. Perdue to return to Paris without

his wife. Some time elapses, and a sufficient reconciliation takes place to enable them to go off with some friends on a yachting cruise. On board this boat most of the action of the book takes place. Their adventures are endless, the facts in Dr. Perdue's previous history come to light, and the result of all this knowledge with regard to him is a denouement of a most startling description. The story is sensational and very trashy. (50 cts. Laird & Lee.)

"HER HEART WAS TRUE" is a story of the Peninsular War, said to be founded on fact, and written for the Unknown Library by some one who calls himself "An Idle Exile." The scene opens at a place on the English coast called Corfe, with an interview between Bessie Sweetapple and her lover in the midst of the annual festival of the quarrymen—a celebration known far and wide as Marblers' Day. The lover has a rival whose jealousy prompts him to send the press-gang in search of the more fortunate suitor. The Peninsular War has broken out, and they are in search of recruits. Robin, Bessie's lover, escapes the sailors, but enlists in the army and goes off to the war. He is gone a long time, and has other things besides Bess to think about—the chief of which is a modest, attractive little Frenchwoman, whom he marries and brings home when peace is declared. It is a sad day for Bess; but she seems to feel no resentment over it, makes friends with the stranger, and when the latter succumbs to the rigors of the English climate and is dying of consumption, nurses her most faithfully. What happens after the Frenchwoman's death can be easily imagined. The story is rather sweet, but very commonplace; one knows all about it after reading the first chapter. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

New Books and New Editions

THE STARTING-POINT of the history of the ancient city of York was with the walled huts of Celtic Britain. Canon Raine tells the story of York for the Historic Towns series, and he is able to make his beginning with the Roman colonia of Eboracum, and the social and political conditions under the Roman rule of Great Britain. The chronicles of this northern capital of Britain are full of significance and interest. The ancient towers of York Minster have looked down upon centuries of the most vivid and picturesque conditions of social life, upon gorgeous pageants, civic and ecclesiastical. Kings and cardinals, burghers and Jews, craftsmen and beggars, compose the motley crowd in the streets. There are royal progresses and weddings, the roses of York and Lancaster, the grotesqueness of the York mystery-plays, and the bitter persecution of the Jews of York. The Rev. James Raine, D.D., Canon of York Cathedral, and an erudite archaeologist, has contrived to compress into this volume, "York," a large quantity of material, setting it in motion and painting it in tints of a historical imagination. (\$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.)—THERE ARE SOME writers who may be proud of their power to make their reader's head swim, like the author of the pamphlet before us, "Arcana in the Ruwenzori; or, Treasures in Uganda." The theory of the essay is that the pyramid of Khufu was constructed by the patriarch Enoch, for the purpose of preserving through the Deluge the correct standards of measure and other unknown "Hermetic" wisdom. Enoch built also a tower in Ruwenzori, the Mountains of the Moon, for the preservation of the same or other arcana, and therefore the British Government is implored not to withdraw the army from Uganda till this tower be found and the "arcana" recovered. Had not this publication the imprint of Elliot Stock, London, we should not have hesitated to say that it emanated from some hospital for the insane.

"TOOLS AND THE MAN," by the Rev. Washington Gladden, is a discussion by a clergyman of the industrial problems of the time and the condition of the poor. The author is deeply impressed with certain defects and evils in our present industrial system, and paints them in dark colors; but, as they have been often described in a similar way by the socialists, we need not dwell upon them here. Mr. Gladden, however, is no socialist; on the contrary, he condemns socialism, both economically and morally. The true test, he remarks, of all systems is the kind of men they produce; and he very justly concludes that "socialism would not abide the test." The industrial future, he thinks, will be characterized largely by arbitration, profit-sharing and other forms of conciliation and co-operation; but the only adequate remedy for the evils complained of is to be found in Christianity. "The end of Christianity," he says, "is twofold: a perfect man in a perfect society"; but what special application of Christian principles is to solve our industrial problems, he does not make apparent. From this brief analysis our readers will see that there is nothing new in the book, and we must add that there are some things in it that are fallacious and misleading. The author's dislike of competition is by no means com-

mendable; for competition is on the whole both right and necessary, and only certain of its forms and methods are objectionable. Mr. Gladden's sneers at the economists, too, are uncalled for, and he shows an inability to distinguish between economics and ethics and between sentiment and science, which is only too prevalent. His interest in the welfare of the working-classes is heartfelt and sincere; but, like so many other men of our time, he has undertaken to solve social problems without an adequate study of all the conditions involved; and the natural result is that his book is not all that we could wish it to be. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

GREAT BRITAIN has not yet a life-saving service equal to that of the United States; but there are on dangerous points of her coast brave men, who rescue the perishing and save property. The Goodwin Sands are famous in English history, literature and folklore; and we all know the connection of Tenterden Steeple with these destroying sands. The Rev. Thomas Stanley Treanor, who is chaplain of the missions to seamen at Deal and the Downs, has compiled an interesting work entitled "Heroes of the Goodwin Sands." He gives a capital description of the great sandbank, eight miles long and four wide, which rises out of deep water four miles off Deal. He suggests the derivation of the name, Downs, from the French *Les Dunes*. Throughout the volume he gives the story of the most famous wrecks which these sands have caused. Even to this day this place of restless wind, wave, current and soil is as full of ship ribs and anchor flukes as a cushion is full of pins. He tells of the Deal boatmen and their bravery, and the way they rescue their fellow-men in danger. The volume is well-illustrated, and many of its pages are of thrilling interest. The publication of this work is well-calculated to make us all more grateful for the blessings which come to us through our residence on solid land. Long may the storm warriors of unconquered Kent rival in their deeds of daring and mercy those of their brethren on the American shores! (\$1.75. Fleming H. Revell Co.)

"AT THE NORTH of Bearcamp Water," by Frank Bolles, is an out-of-doors book written in a charmingly fresh and direct style. Mr. Bolles's former volume, "The Land of the Lingering Snow," brought us from January to June; this one rounds out the year. The scene is New England, of course, and as central figures we have the White Mountains, with certain favorites among them, to the fore. The writer has the keen and sympathetic observation we have a right to expect in a lover of nature, but added to this he has a rarer quality—a rapidity of movement in his descriptions that makes them read easily and leave distinct images. There could not be a more searching test of good descriptive writing. Further than this, we find two things, not found as often as they should be, in lovers of the woods and mountains,—humor and humanity. But there is no trace of hackneyed sermonizing. The references to men and morals are not forced from the subject,—they grow out of it,—and the allusions are to things and people of our own day. The twenty-one chapters are of remarkably even merit; one opens the book anywhere, sure of entertainment. There is a copious index. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS'S "Whittier," in the dainty Black and White Series, is a pleasant little volume of personal recollections. Whittier appears very life-like in these pages, which are full of quotations from his letters and conversations, and contain many reminiscences of his own early life. The charm of the poet's personality is everywhere evident—in his opinions of books, of events, or of friends. The booklet has an easy, informal style, and is a necessary and delightful appendix to any elaborate biography of Whittier. There are half-a-dozen good wood-cuts. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)

"VICTOR HUGO," by J. Pringle Nichol, is an interesting little volume in the Dilettante Library. The book contains less biography than criticism, although biographical details are not lacking. Mr. Nichol's critical estimate of Hugo is liberal and is based on an appreciation of the tastes and influences that were prevalent in France during the poet's long literary career. Indeed the suggestiveness of the book is its chief attraction, and the most interesting pages are those devoted to Hugo's relations to the various tendencies of the French literature of the century. The style and tone of the volume are by no means impeccable: too many words are used, and the attitude is occasionally self-conscious,—things permissible, no doubt, in a "dilettante" series. But the fact remains that Mr. Nichol has written a monograph that contains a good deal of sane criticism on a man who is hard to criticise, both sympathetically and impartially. (90 cts. Macmillan & Co.)—MR. HENRY S. SALT'S little pamphlet on "Tennyson as a Thinker" takes a low view of the Laureate in that respect. "Scarcely any other artist in

verse of the same rank has ever lived on such scanty revenues of thought." He was "an exquisite carver of luxuries in ivory," but "there are no jewels inside" his elaborately wrought caskets. He was not sufficiently radical and revolutionary for our critic, and is consequently writ down as "incapacitated for recognizing the progressive and intellectual tendencies of the times in which he lived." If posterity rates him as high as his contemporaries have done, "so much the worse for posterity," says this Daniel come to judgment. (6d. London: W. Reeves.)—A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL edition of "Amiel's Journal," in two dainty volumes, has just been published. The translation, introduction and notes, as is well-known, are by Mrs. Humphry Ward. This remarkable book has been well-received in other editions, and it is likely to take a new lease of life in this attractive dress. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)

PROF. BARRETT WENDELL of Harvard University read a paper before the Essex Institute on Feb. 29, 1892, answering the question, "Were the Salem Witches Guiltless?" making a most minute study of the time, and showing himself a master of detail and local color. He thinks that the wretched bewitched girls had learned, willingly or unwillingly, to hypnotize themselves, and that possibly those who first dragged the miserable girls down may have been hypnotized by the accused. He shows that the toying of a scientific observer of the nineteenth century with occult experiment is something very different from the same thing when done with a creed-ridden zealot of the seventeenth. One must not judge Mr. Wendell's work by this brief reference to his pamphlet, which is well worth study. Witchcraft vindicated by modern science, it might be called. (50 cts. Salem Press Pub. and Print. Co.)—OUR ARYAN poor relations, the Ainos of Yezo, are enjoying notice just now. Besides having the Prayer-Book in their own language, a hospital, a missionary and a new book written about them, all in this year of grace, the indefatigable Prof. Edward S. Morse has found "A Curious Aino Toy," which is in the form of a footless bird on wheels. He has also found a similar toy in the Berlin Museum, labelled as coming from Siberia, and another dug up by Mr. Petrie from an Egyptian tomb. He says:—"With the absence of a wheel in savagery it seems impossible to conceive of a low savage race like the Ainos originating a wheeled object of any kind." He, however, hints at the common origin of this toy among peoples as widely removed in space and time as the Turks, Yakuts and Egyptians. (25 cts. Salem Press Pub. and Print. Co.)—DR. MOSES COIT TAYLOR reprints from *The Yale Review* his study and criticism of William Wirt Henry's three-volume work on his grandfather, Patrick Henry. The criticism, while appreciative, is severe in places. (New Haven.)

CHAPMAN'S HOMER, which had the effect on Keats of inspiring one of the noblest sonnets ever written, is a book so vigorous and breezy that one who finds himself weakened and dispirited by a sultry summer could do no better than to pick it up at odd moments and let his mind be fanned by its gusty pages. It is doubtful that any English version of "The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets," will ever effectually displace that which appeared from 1598 to 1611. It is even less likely to do so to-day than it was a month ago; for then the Knickerbocker Press had not turned out the dainty little three-volume edition that serves as occasion for this paragraph. (\$3.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—A MOST TIMELY book—for this is the building season—is "Suburban and Country Homes." The thing that makes the work particularly attractive to the prospective householder is that it shows how a house may be inexpensive, and yet artistic. Of the designs in the volume, those that it would cost the least to build from are the prettiest. Of these we may mention particularly Plate No. III., designed by Yarnell & Coforth of Philadelphia, to cost \$2590; No. XXII., designed by L. S. Buffington, Minneapolis, to cost, with stable included, \$4600; No. XXXII., designed by E. G. W. Dietrich, New York, to cost \$5000; and No. XXXVI., designed by E. R. Tilton, New York, to cost \$4500. The latter would be improved by dormer-windows in its roof. There are two designs which we particularly like, but of which the prices are not given—a small drawing in perspective, opposite Plate VII.; and Plate XVIII., the latter designed by Otto J. Gette. We commend this practical book to all who contemplate building, not only for the designs that are given, but also for the printed instructions to the builder. The book is sent to any part of the world postage-free. (\$3. Wm. T. Comstock.)—THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC "is fat, fair and worth forty of the sort that used to be relied upon mainly for their prognostications of changes in the weather. It would be superfluous to dwell upon the character of its contents: the annual is too well-known to call for any such comment. All we need say is that the issue for Jan., 1893 is already where it deserves to be—i.e., in its third edition. (25 cts. a copy; \$2 a year. Tribune Association.)

Irving's "Columbus"

BY PERMISSION of Mr. Theodore Stanton, to whom it is addressed, we publish this interesting letter from Mr. Henry Harrisse of Paris (formerly Mr. Henry Harris of this country). The communication was prompted by our review of Mr. Harrisse's monumental work, "The Discovery of North America."

"MY DEAR SIR:—

"I wish you would do me the favor to forward to *The Critic* the accompanying card, in acknowledgment of the article published in its number of Feb. 25,—which gives me more, certainly, than I deserve.

"Every day I become more and more convinced of the truth of the opinion expressed so far back as 1884,* concerning Washington Irving's 'Life of Columbus.' This very morning, after I had finished writing the part of the 'Fasti Columbini' which relates to the second voyage, and weighed every fact, date and original document, I thought I would read Irving's account for the same period. My admiration was unbounded! You have no idea how searching, critical and exact he is in all his statements. People imagine that Irving's work is only a literary performance of great merit.

"What a mistake! Its pages teem with implicit analysis of a truly scientific character, and investigations to which modern writers can find but little to add. Nay, not only (excepting for the part relating to Columbus's origin and early life) has Irving known all the documents which we possess—although in his days the leading ones, such as Bernaldez and Las Casas, existed only in three or four manuscript copies,—but he has made use of chronicles and judicial inquests which we do not yet have! What has become of his private papers? Is there no possibility of finding among them, for instance, the two MSS. of the History of Ferdinand and Isabella of the curate of Los Palacios, which, he says, present differences; the chronicle of the Catholic-Kings made up from the latter and from various historians of the time by some contemporary writers; the copy of the Rogatory Commissions of 1512-1514, made for Muñoz, and the interrogatories filed on behalf of Diego Columbus in 1510, all of which he quotes in his work?

"Yes, Irving's 'Life of Columbus' is not only, by far, the best history of the great Genoese and of the Discovery of America ever written anywhere and at any time, but also, in my humble judgment, the greatest historical book as yet written by an American.

"My feelings in this respect will doubtless appear strange to a certain class of university compilers, whose working implements consist only in a pair of scissors; but I cannot restrain my indignation when I see how our people now speak of Washington Irving as a historian of Christopher Columbus!

"Yours very truly,

"HENRY HARRISSE.

"30 RUE CAMBACÉRÈS, PARIS, March 12, 1893."

The Best Ten American Books

ON THE 27th of May, we shall print a list of the ten books named by our readers as the greatest yet produced in America, or by Americans.

The number chosen is an arbitrary one, but the same objection could be made to any other. It has the merit of being conveniently small, yet not too small to admit of a considerable variety in the character of the works selected. Many a reader will send in a list of ten titles who might hesitate to make up a longer one—and we want as many lists as we can get.

To the person from whom we shall receive, not later than May 13, the list most nearly identical with the one composed of the ten books receiving the greatest number of votes, we will send, prepaid, any book or books the winner may select, whose aggregate price, at publishers' figures, shall not exceed \$10.

If several lists come equally close to the one published, the prize will be given to that which first reaches us.

The competitor's choice is not limited to any class of works; and, for convenience, the word "book" will be held to include any well-defined group of an author's writings. In the case of Lowell, for instance, the poems would count as one book, the literary essays and addresses as another, the political speeches and essays as a third.

Lists may be written on postal cards, but not with a pencil. If note-paper is used, write on one side of the sheet only, and put the words "Ten Best Books" on the envelope. Write plainly and clearly; and see that your list reaches us not later than May 13.

"The Critic's contest," says the Albany *Argus*, "is a stimulus to American thought on a subject in which American pride can well be awakened, and it ought to have thousands of ballots before its poll closes."

* "Christophe Colomb," Vol. I, page 136.

Miss Wilkins's "Giles Corey, Yeoman"

IT IS NOT PROBABLE that any theatrical manager will venture the experiment of producing the "Giles Corey, Yeoman," of Miss Mary E. Wilkins, especially after the failure of the mutilated and perverted version of it produced in this city and elsewhere by the Theatre of Arts and Letters. Nevertheless, it is not only an admirable and interesting piece of literary work, but could easily be made exceedingly effective in stage representation. It is a genuine tragedy in prose, founded upon historical facts, constructed with classic severity and directness and written with rare simplicity and power. The scene is laid in Salem, Mass., in 1692, and the personages are actors in the melancholy scenes enacted there during the witchcraft madness of that memorable year. It is a very long time since any modern playwright has produced anything so vividly illustrative of a bygone period, so true in detail and atmosphere, so vital and unexaggerated, so pathetic or so free from anything like melodramatic device. In short "Giles Corey" is a drama of the highest class, a chapter taken from the great book of life and converted into action with so much art and verisimilitude that a capable performance of it might almost cheat a spectator of moderate faith into believing that he had been transported backward through two centuries.



From "Jane Field."

Copyright, 1885, by Harper & Brothers.

MARY E. WILKINS

The story is told with a completeness and proportion indicative of rare dramatic sense, and increases steadily in interest through a succession of logical stages to the tragic climax. In the first act the household of Giles Corey is introduced, and the existing situation is revealed by a succession of the most natural incidents in the world. Corey himself—a sturdy old soldier and frontiersman, fearless against mortal foe—has been infected, it appears, with the prevailing superstition, and is unable to sympathize with the contempt which his wife Martha and daughter Olive—true daughters of the Covenant—express for witchcraft and all the powers of the air. He has heard the shrieks of the

"afflicted" maidens, and never having heard of hysteria, cannot account for them, or for certain mysterious mishaps in his own farmyard. Not for a moment does he dream that his old servant Nancy Fox is practising all kinds of mummeries with dolls and pins and doggerel invocations, and, by her gossip, helping to direct the suspicions of the credulous neighbors against his wife and child, or that he himself has endangered them by some thoughtless banter of his own. But the mischief, nevertheless, has been done effectually; and in the second act the scene is transferred to the home of one of the bewitched girls, where John Hathorne the magistrate and the minister Samuel Parris meet to investigate and to collect evidence which to their bigoted minds is conclusive against both Martha and Olive, who are forthwith ordered into custody. The third act is devoted to the trial of the accused women, and is written throughout with a keen eye to dramatic effect, nice discrimination of character, and often with an eloquence which is all the more effective on account of its utter simplicity. Especially noteworthy are the speeches which Martha delivers first in her own defense and afterwards, when she perceives her own fate to be hopeless, in behalf of her daughter. Olive is set free, but Martha is convicted, and the act ends, most impressively, with the arrest of old Giles, whose furious denunciation of the Judges has brought him too under condemnation. The fourth act is devoted mainly to scenes between Olive and her lover and their vain efforts to secure mercy for her parents. In the fifth the tragedy deepens. Martha has died upon the gallows, and Giles is in his cell in Salem gaol. The old man is tortured by remorse at the thought that his own light words have helped to put the noose around his wife's neck, and has resolved to expiate his folly by standing mute and thus incurring the dreadful trial by torture by the weights. In a noble and pathetic scene with his distracted daughter, he tells her that her constancy under this affliction will keep his property from attainer and end the current madness by stirring the popular conscience. His final injunction to her is to marry on the day of his execution, and so, with the dauntless courage of the Puritan, he goes to his death. The curtain falls finally, at the end of the sixth act, which occurs in a lane near the place of execution, upon the announcement to the waiting magistrates that "Giles Corey is dead and he hath not spoken."

So bare a skeleton as this can only convey a faint suggestion of the intense and cumulative human interest maintained by the copious and illuminative detail supplied or suggested by the whole story. The art with which it is told is especially noteworthy. In no single instance does Miss Wilkins attempt to gratify the popular demand for mere vulgar horror or "sensation." There are no death agonies before the people. Everything of that kind is left to the imagination and is thus made doubly impressive. There is not even an attempt at description. A few brief allusions, introduced with masterful simplicity, become more eloquent than the most elaborate word-painting. Nothing could be much finer than old Giles's comment upon the news of his wife's death:—"Martha had a fair neck when she was a maid," and again, "It was a wet day and the rain pelted on her. I remember it was a wet day. The rain pelted on her, and the wind blew, and she swung in it." Whole pages could give no more vivid picture than is afforded by those few words. A hundred similar examples might be quoted did space permit. Although in actual representation it doubtless would be necessary to shorten the dialogue, there is scarcely a line in it anywhere which could justly be called superfluous, or inappropriate to the character to which it is allotted. Every personage is most graphically and consistently sketched. The pious busy housewife Martha, the prim but cheerful and dutiful Olive, the old iron-sides Giles, the fanatical Parris, the superstitious Nancy, the jealous Ann, the "afflicted" girls, and the child Phoebe, all are painted with the freest and the truest touch and with masculine vigor. It is a remarkable achievement full of the brightest promise for the future.

The book is published by Messrs. Harper & Bros.

The University's Birthday

THE UNIVERSITY of the City of New York celebrated its sixty-first anniversary, on Tuesday, with appropriate ceremonies. Originally, the University was not located where it stands to-day. It began its history in Clinton Hall, in Bleecker Street—the home then, as the fine new Clinton Hall in Astor Place still is, of the Mercantile Library. The day is not far distant when the picturesque building of gray marble occupied by the University since 1837 will be taken down, stone by stone, carried away from Washington Square, and reerected, in its present form, far up-town, near the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. A new building, designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, will ornament the present site, and be used in part by certain classes of the University.

A literary and artistic as well as an educational interest hangs around the University. Here it was that Theodore Winthrop laid the scene of his best-known story, "Cecil Dreeme," a novel which was not published until after the author's untimely death in the service of his country—a fact that lent an added interest to the romance. William Henry Hurlbert, preacher, editor and man of the world, had chambers in the University for many years, and there entertained some of the cleverest men of the time. Charles de Kay, poet and art-critic, in his bachelor days lived in a tower of the old building. One of his best short poems, "Dawn in the City," is a description of day breaking over Washington Square as seen from this tower:—

"Soon through the smoky haze
The park begins to raise
Its outlines clearer into daylight prose;
Ever with fresh amaze
The sleepless fountains praise
Morn that has gilt the city as it gilds the rose."

The University was brought into worldwide notice when one of its professors, S. F. B. Morse, invented the telegraph; and again in 1839, when another of its professors, John W. Draper, made the first application of photography for the purposes of portraiture. Not only is the University one of the most picturesque buildings in New York, but there are more interesting traditions clinging to its walls than one is apt to find attached to any New York building, no matter what its age.

Ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt has presented the University with the valuable works sent him, while a member of the House of Representatives, by the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid II., some 400 in number. The volumes are bound in elaborate red morocco, with gold edges, and on the cover of each appear, in letters of gold, the name of the royal donor and of the recipient. The Oriental Library of the University now numbers about 20,000 volumes.

An American Girl on the French Stage

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Your readers may be interested in an account which has come to me from an eye-witness, a young French countess, of the successful début at the Odéon of our compatriot, Miss Eleanor Calhoun, a grandniece of John C. Calhoun, the statesman. The remarkable achievement of this American girl in being accepted by the most critical of all publics, at the "Français of the other side of the Seine," is certainly something we may regard with pride as well as interest; and it seems to add a new debt to those we already owe M. Coquelin, that he should have inspired and encouraged Miss

Calhoun to attempt a task almost Herculean. I knew last summer that she had appeared with great success at Orleans, acting Catherine to Coquelin's Petruchio in the "Mégère Apprivoisée" ("The Taming of the Shrew"), where, according to the local paper, she "carried off the honors of the evening." But that experiment having been made under an assumed name had not the same significance as this winter's success at the Odéon. My correspondent writes as follows:—

"You know that her début took place at the Odéon; I had the

pleasure of being present on the occasion of her triumph. With the exception of Francisque Sarcey, in the *Temps*, the press has been unanimous in praise, the public in sympathy and warm welcome. Every night she has played with the same *entrain*, which electrified the actors and the audience. From the moment of her entrance she has the gift of so concentrating the thought of the whole audience that she becomes its soul. This impression is not merely personal to me. I have heard

it variously expressed by all who have seen her—but I will quote you only the criticism of a personage of importance in the artistic world: 'She is simply magnificent; she alone exists and the other actors about her seem mere dummies.' Indeed, it would be impossible to put into a letter the enthusiasm she has inspired. All Paris is talking of this star, till now unknown, who has in the space of a day taken possession of our language, of our stage, of our public; her name is everywhere, and is the subject of all conversations. Our artists are in wonderment, having never seen so much of nature united with so much of art. I wish I were able to send you also something of the atmosphere of the gay world and of the artistic world, vibrating with this success and anxious to see bloom upon our stage this flower of the New World."

I enclose a number of cuttings from the French press, bearing on the subject of this letter.

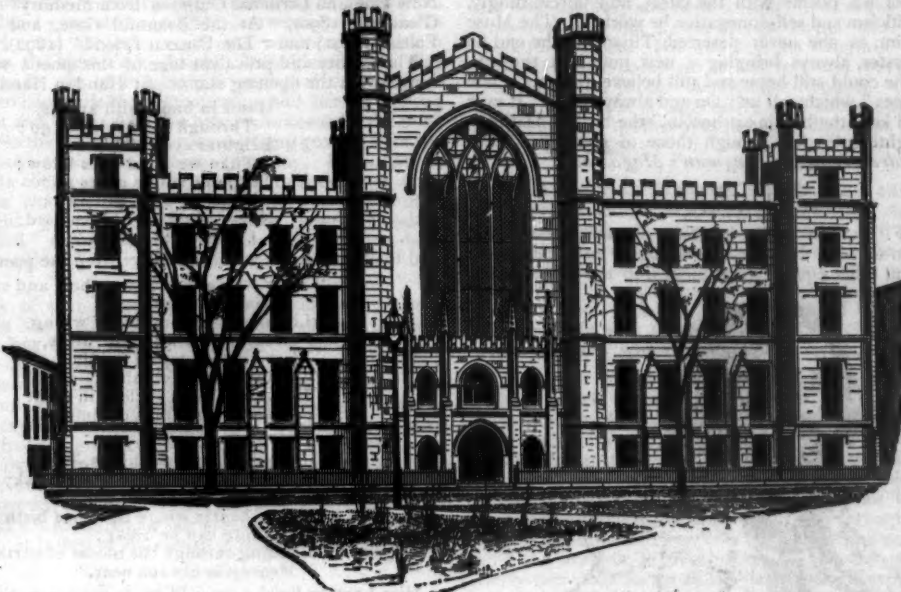
NEW YORK, 15 April, 1893.

E. L. D.

[The "clippings" referred to are taken from *Figaro*, *La France*, *Le Gaulois*, *L'Intransigeant*, *Le Petit Journal*, *Gil Blas*, *Le Pays*, the *Journal des Débats*, etc.; and they testify no less heartily than our correspondent's note to the impression Miss Calhoun has made, not only upon the press and public, but upon such observers as MM. Sardou and Leconte de Lisle. The young lady's first appearance in Paris was made in a new piece, "L'Argent d'Autrui," by M. Hennique; and according to *Le Gaulois*, whatever success the play achieves must be attributed to our talented countrywoman, who is said to be thoroughly American, and "an artistic curiosity of the first rank."—EDS. CRITIC.]

Current Criticism

TENNYSON A STUDENT TO THE LAST.—We see the Laureate still a student, still concerning himself with those ancient masters whom even men-of-letters conspire to neglect. Quintus Calaber, indeed, did not, perhaps, handle the Death of Æneïd so "lazily" as the Laureate declared; indeed, one is heterodox enough to prefer the forgotten old poet's telling of that tale, to like the hexameters better than the blank verse. But that does not diminish our pleasure in finding our great poet still, in extreme age, so studious of the past. He blossoms also into new metres, like the Glastonbury Thorn which flowers at Christmas. He pays his tribute, late but dear, to the beloved and immortal memory of Scott, and the grave



THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

within sound of the din of London salutes, as it were, that more desirable and fairer resting-place, that "amiable home of the dead," where only the ripple of the Tweed breaks the silence, and where Lockhart lies at Sir Walter's feet. For more than sixty years the Laureate's poetry has been in the hands of the world, and his latest verse has still the accent of his earliest, in the volume of 1830; has still the same inimitable original accent, which only Nature gave, and which marked him as a poet from the first. Without that gift all labor would be vain toil; but we see, as we compare the earliest versions of his poems with the latest, how unremittingly, with what self-criticism and self-abnegation he worked. The Muse never deserted him, as she never deserted Titian; to the end he remained the Master, always bringing a new note from the lyre. No wonder that he could still hope, and still believe, that his is one of the "silent voices" which call us "On and always on!" If ever man did, he "had kept the bird in his bosom," the bird of deathless song; for his nightingales live, though those of Heraclitus have fallen silent.—*Andrew Lang, in Longman's Magazine.*

Daniel Vierge

MR. AUGUST F. JACASSY will contribute an article on Daniel Vierge, whose pen-and-ink drawings are so highly extolled by Mr. Joseph Pennell and other equally good judges, to the June number



of *The Century*. The volume of Vierge's illustrations to Quevedo's "Pablo de Segovia" was reviewed in *The Critic* of Dec. 31. Vierge is still a young man—that is, he is just forty; and he may yet do his best work, though it is hard to see how he could do much better in the field he already occupies. The portrait we print herewith was made by the artist himself for his edition of "Pablo de Segovia."

Lucy Larcom

THE DEATH of Lucy Larcom the New England poet, in Boston, on Tuesday last, was not a surprise to her friends, for she has suffered more or less from illness for some time past. Miss Larcom was born in Beverly, Mass., in 1826. As a young girl she was employed in the mills at Lowell, and many of her early poems, including the one which is perhaps the most familiar of all her productions, "Hannah Binding Shoes," were inspired by what most people would regard as the unpoetic conditions of a manufacturing town. While living in this place she was a contributor of both prose and verse to the columns of the *Lowell Offering*. Afterwards she taught in an Illinois school, while at the same time studying at

the Monticello Female Seminary. The popular periodical for youthful readers, *Our Young Folks*, published at Boston, was edited by her from 1866 to 1874, at which time it was merged with the new juvenile magazine *St. Nicholas*. For the greater part of her life Miss Larcom has been a resident of her native place. The titles and dates of her books are as follows:—"Ships in the Mist, and Other Stories" (1859), "An Idyl of Work: A Story in Verse" (1875), "Wild Roses of Cape Ann, and Other Poems" (1880), "Poetical Works" (1885), "Beckonings for Every Day" (1886), "A New England Girlhood Outlined from Memory" (1889), "Easter Gleams" (1890), "At the Beautiful Gate, and Other Songs of Faith" (1891) and "The Unseen Friend" (1892).

The quality and prevalent tone of this poet's work may be inferred from the opening stanza of "Hand in Hand with Angels,"—

"Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know;
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone."

and the two stanzas which we select from the poem "Hints,"—

"They whose hearts are whole and strong,
Loving holiness,
Living clean from soil of wrong,
Wearing truth's white dress,—
They unto no far-off height
Wearily need climb;
Heaven to them is close in sight
From these shores of time.

"Only the anointed eye
Sees in common things,—
Gleams dropped daily from the sky;
Heavenly blossomings.
To the hearts where light has birth
Nothing can be drear;
Budding through the bloom of earth,
Heaven is always near."

Miss Larcom lived a quiet life at Beverly, very rarely going away from home. She was simple and unpretentious in her life, and cared more for the influence for good exerted by her poems than for any fame they might bring her. As illustrating this feeling, we quote a letter written by her to the editors of *The Critic* on Oct. 25, 1892:—

"I remember so gratefully your notice of 'As it is in Heaven,' that I am moved to hope you will find a kind Godspeed for the little collection of verse I shall send you—'At the Beautiful Gate.' They are devotional verses in great part,—but on that account I value them. I do not think myself very 'literary'—I care more for the aspiration than the artistic result, always."

The Lounger

"THE POETICAL SUGGESTION that Grief, in a personified form, takes or must take the place of a lamented friend or relative, may be commoner than I suppose," writes Prof. Albert S. Cook of Yale. "I have noted three instances which may, in a sense, be regarded as parallels. Perhaps the most familiar is that from 'In Memoriam':—

"O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom-friend and half of life?"

A second is from Shakespeare's "King John":—

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?"

The third is from the French poet Maynard (1582-1646), in the Ode on the Death of his Daughter:—

"Qui me console excite ma colère,
Et le repos est un bien que je crains;
Mon deuil me plait, et me doit toujours plaire,
Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains."

"I WAS MUCH amused at your final paragraph in *The Critic* of last week" (April 8), writes Anna Katharine Green, from Brooklyn, "especially as I rather pride myself on the clearness of my writing and the general appearance of my MS. I do write with a lead-pencil now, but if I am not much mistaken 'The Leavenworth

Case' was written in ink. As to the paper employed I will say nothing, for I am well aware that it was of all sizes, shapes and colors. The reason for this is, however, easily explained. The chapters of this my first novel were re-written so many times, that the paper with which I started soon gave out, and as during the two years it took me to complete this work, I travelled from place to place, I naturally renewed my stock from different dealers, with the result alluded to. I do not exaggerate when I say that when I had finished this book I had left on my hands a large *drawer-full* of paper closely written over with words I thought unworthy of publication. Such was the labor I expended over 'The Leavenworth Case.' In face of this fact I could not but marvel over a statement made a few days since in the New York *Herald*. In criticising the play which I have made out of this story, it said that the book was written spontaneously while the dramatization had been the result of much thought and labor. You see how spontaneously the book was written, while the play—well if ever anything gushed from the brain without pause or hindrance, it was that play. I thought for two years over its construction, but when once I sat down to work, it was as if the words were put in my mouth, I could not utter them fast enough. I say 'utter,' because they were dictated by me to my husband. It is the only instance in which I have been able to dictate anything."

THE AUTHOR of that exceedingly clever novelette, "Mademoiselle Ixe," Miss Mary Hawker, who writes over the pen-name of Lanoe Falconer, has contributed an article on the Short Story to a recent number of *Atlanta*. What Miss Hawker says is true, but it is not new. "Condense! Condense!" is her cry. The short story cannot in the nature of things be a *long* story, and to write short stories successfully the author must know how to squeeze a pint of juice from a gallon of material, and leave nothing but husks to throw away. In "Mademoiselle Ixe" Miss Hawker lived up to this ideal; but in her second novelette there were more husks than juice. However, it is not wise to expect us always to practise what we preach; it is something if our preaching helps others to do the right thing. It is well to know what is right, even if one doesn't always do it.

MISS HAWKER repeats to her readers the stage-manager's advice to aspiring dramatists, quoted by Coppée in his "Contes en Prose":—"If they come to me with their plays when I am at breakfast, I say—'Look here, can you tell me the plot in the time it takes me to eat this boiled egg? If not, away with it—it is useless.'" Like a great many French stories, this illustrates a point cleverly, but it could hardly be taken as a full statement of the truth. Could Shakespeare have told the plot of any of his plays while a manager ate his boiled egg? Yet who would say that Shakespeare's plays were useless? To a French manager they might be, but not to the manager of a Chicago theatre where Shakespeare, with the Marlowe-Taber company, holds the boards for a month at a time. The New York manager would settle the Bard of Avon's fate in less time than he would take to crack the shell of his egg. In New York we look askance at Shakespeare, but take "A Trip to Chinatown" by the year. Speaking of plays, Daudet is reported to have said, in allusion to his own plays, that he never was present at any *première*, and that it was only from the demeanor of his concierge the next morning that he knew whether his play had succeeded or not. If it had succeeded "the concierge was abject, but, if not, her manners were those of pity blended with contempt."

A "LITERARY NOTE" is being circulated *in re* the Post-Funk libel suit, which contains the following pertinent paragraph:—

"The courtesy of the trade referred to at the trial is at least as strong in favor of protecting the authorized publisher of American literature which has run out of copyright, as it is in favor of protecting the authorized publisher of British reprints. The two cases are not dissimilar, and the result of the trial is of special interest to all authors, since it assures them that there is a strong public sentiment in their favor, even when the laws of the United States fail to give them what they justly claim."

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBS," who has jumped into reputation, is Mrs. Craigie to her friends. She is a young woman and began her professional career three or four years ago as art-critic of *Life*. London office-hours proved irksome to her. She wrote a story, "Some Emotions and a Moral," which attracted much attention, but not so much, perhaps, as her "Sinner's Comedy." Now she is out with a new story, "A Study in Temptations." All of these are short and are published in the Unknown Library. The *Pall Mall Budget* of March 25 publishes the author's portrait and a facsimile of her manuscript, which is a good deal like Thackeray's, but if anything more finished. As Mrs. Craigie has made her reputation

through "a gift for epigram," according to the *Budget*, it is not strange that she works slowly and carefully, "rewriting some passages as many as twelve times."

WORDSWORTH'S DISLIKE of women in literature is said to have been very great. He detested the name of "literary lady." I can't say that I like it myself; "literary woman" is much better. "Blue-stockingism" is sadly at enmity with true refinement of mind," he wrote; which was rather unkind of him, considering what a certain blue-stocking had been to him, for Dorothy Wordsworth was a most valuable aid to her brother. But then Wordsworth was spoiled by women. His wife and his daughter together with his sister and sister-in-law sat at his feet and worshipped. This he considered the proper attitude for women. Dorothy's literary activity was not at all aggressive, and she probably found it easy to convince her brother that her small light was but a reflection of his greater one.

MR. THEODORE STANTON, who has just run over from Paris, to spend the summer at Chicago, tells me that the band of the Republican Guard will arrive at the World's Fair about the tenth of August and remain there for a month. The company numbers eighty pieces, and is the finest military band in France, if not in Europe. The probabilities are that it will be heard two or three times in New York. A few members of the Comédie Française will probably visit Chicago professionally, but the company as a whole will not; which is a pity.

IN A NOTE that I received from Mr. E. C. Stedman, last week, he says, apropos of the date:—"I see it is the twelfth of April. How I remember the day, thirty-two years ago, when the Fort Sumter bombardment took place! That evening I wrote my poem of 'Sumter' and printed it in the *World* (of which I was the day editor) the next day. On the 13th I started for Washington, as the first war-correspondent, and was there through the 'dark days' after the Baltimore riots, and for most of the next three years was with the army or in Washington." To the younger generation thirty-two years seems as long ago as the Revolution seems to the older; but to those of us who remember the war with all its horrors, Mr. Stedman's words bring back those dreadful days as if they were not yet past.

"IN READING 'A Fable for Critics,'" writes G. L. B., "I noticed a humorous mistake of Lowell's. He writes:—

"Though I recollect hearing him get quite ferocious
About Mary Clausum, the mistress of Grotius."

He refers to the book called 'Mare Clausum' of the celebrated Englishman Selden. This book was written in answer to the theories propounded by Grotius in his 'Mare Liberum,' published in 1633. The mistake, so far as I know, has never been pointed out, and seemed to me to be worthy of notice."

THERE IS ONE inelegance or downright error of speech that jars upon my nerves more harshly than any other. It is the clipping and twisting of the phrases "at night," "by day," "in the morning," etc., into "nights," "mornings," "days." I have read in the editorial columns of the most influential of American daily papers the assertion that a certain man, at a time when his affairs were in a critical state, "worked days and worried nights." You will read on an office door in summer the (golden) legend "Closes 1 P.M. Saturdays," and in a shop-window during the holidays the gratifying announcement that the shop is "Open Evenings." I shan't name the newspaper, or the shop, or the office: the offence is too common to warrant the pillorying of a few individual offenders. Nor shall I name any one writer who sins in this matter; for the blame is shared by some of the most deservedly esteemed authors in the land. Yet the awkwardness of the locution is such that I wonder it is not apparent to every writer who cares a fig for the purity of the language.

"I AM ENGAGED in the preparation of a work on Southern authors," writes G. A. Wauchope, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English in the State University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo., "and in my researches I have found it necessary to correspond with a large number of Southern people of the pen. Not knowing the present addresses of Miss Mary N. Murfree, Miss Grace King, Miss Julia Magruder, Miss Matt Crim, Mrs. Ruth McE. Stuart, Mr. T. C. de Leon, Mr. John R. Thompson, Mrs. Bellamy and Mrs. Tiernan of North Carolina, I write to ask if you will kindly give them to me." I pass on the request to my readers, with the memorandum that John R. Thompson has been dead this twenty years.

Boston Letter

THE NEWS of the death of Charles Appleton Longfellow on Thursday last came suddenly before the public, but his illness had dated back many months. In fact, since his return nearly a year ago from a trip to the South Sea Islands he has been an invalid. The immediate cause of his death was pronounced to be pneumonia. Mr. Longfellow did not follow at all in the literary line of his father, but his venturesome experiences would readily fill a volume if they had been written by himself or by any friend. At the very outbreak of the War he enlisted in the First Massachusetts Cavalry, and for two years was a Lieutenant. At the battle of Mine Run he was struck by a ball which passed through both shoulders, seriously crippling him. His brother Ernest and his father after a long search found the wounded lad—for he was then but twenty years of age—and brought him back to Cambridge. In clubs and in yachting Mr. Longfellow was much interested. With two other men he at one time daringly crossed the Atlantic in a fifty-foot sloop. His home was with his sister, Miss Alice Longfellow, at the old Longfellow House in Cambridge. One son of the poet is now living, Ernest Longfellow, and two daughters, Mrs. Richard H. Dana and Mrs. J. G. Thorpe, Jr.

Lucy Larcom's illness still continues, and the last report that I heard was of a serious nature. Heart-trouble is the affliction. The friends of Miss Larcom say that she was very much cast down over the death of her old-time friend the poet Whittier, as well as that of her clerical adviser Bishop Brooks. A peculiar, sad foresight is illustrated in the fact that on the very day Dr. Brooks was taken ill, a note from Miss Larcom reached him in which she spoke of her illness and expressed the presentiment that they would never again meet in this world. "I should like to comfort her," said Dr. Brooks, as he showed this letter to his brother; but he was then too ill even to answer it, and though a carriage afterwards was sent to Miss Larcom to bring her to the home of the Bishop where he lay in death, she was then too weak to go. (For an account of Miss Larcom's death, see page 258.)

The Massachusetts Historical Society at its last meeting took action on the death of Dr. Peabody by appointing the Rev. Dr. E. J. Young to write a memoir on Harvard's Chaplain. Dr. G. E. Ellis, the President of the Society, also spoke in heartfelt words of the recognized worth of the good Chaplain. At the same meeting was read a letter from Mr. Francis Parkman presenting to the Society a number of his manuscripts and volumes of notes on the Indians. Dr. Ellis was re-elected President, Francis Parkman and C. F. Adams were chosen Vice-Presidents, E. J. Young, Recording Secretary, Justin Winsor, Corresponding Secretary, and Dr. Samuel A. Green, as Librarian, was again chosen to the position which for so long a time he has so usefully filled.

The week has been full of memorial addresses, including the Brooks Memorial of which I wrote last week, and I will merely take space to mention one other. At a Cambridge Church last week, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton said (in part) of his late friend James Russell Lowell that in 1848, when he was not quite thirty years old, he was one of the pleasantest of men, as pleasant a companion as you could find, in fact, "born," as some acquaintance of his has said, "a bottle of champagne." His sparkling wit and lively humor led him into utmost boyishness at times, and if you sat down with him nobody could keep the pace that he set. Pun after pun came from his lips, or some irresistibly humorous jest, or perhaps a pleasant story. He never could keep any money in his pocket. It burned a hole there, if there was anybody to be assisted by it. No one can read his poems, declared Prof. Norton, without seeing concentrated there a strong moral sense, the old Puritan sense in the Yankee form, and then the admirable commonsense of the Yankee also. He was in every way American to the core, and his whole heart throbbed with love and devotion. Of his college course, Prof. Norton said that Mr. Lowell while at Harvard read a good many poems and liked the reading of verse better than he did the learning of his lessons. This made him seem to be lazy, and resulted in his being sent to Concord towards the end of his senior year—a rustication which proved a source of great regret to him because it prevented him from reading his class-poem on Class Day. Never, said Prof. Norton, had he heard his friend utter a word that could give pain to any other human being.

The case of E. B. Gay, the Charlestown teacher, who was arrested in New York for stealing books is now at an end. He resigned his position, and through friends made a statement to the public about the affair. In this statement it was declared that Mr. Gay intended to pay for the books which he held in his possession at Scribner's store, but before any movement was made by him to leave he was confronted by a man who claimed to be a detective and who charged him with an intent to steal. Notwithstanding the protest of Mr. Gay that he intended to buy the books (says this statement) he was arrested then and there.

The little complication over the bronze statue intended for Providence, R. I., has been settled. In 1890 William Clark Noble of Cambridge was engaged by the Burns Monument Association of Providence to construct a statue to cost \$15,000, and, as I stated in a letter some months ago, the model was completed by him. He was then notified that the funds could not be raised, and only \$1000 could be secured to pay him for his preliminary work. The sculptor brought suit, placing damages at \$25,000, and received a verdict of \$6839.

Signora Duse's success in Boston has been extraordinary. The average cost for tickets for the first night was nearly nine dollars, and the audience included the most notable of Bostonians. The names of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Henry L. Higginson, Mrs. John L. Gardner, Mrs. Agassiz, Gov. Russell, Mrs. Quincy Shaw, Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and T. Russell Sullivan may be taken as an indication of the character of the audience.

BOSTON, April 18, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

London Letter

"A BROTHERHOOD of Poets"! It sounds like the morning-song of the millennium, like some great choral ode written for the opening of Utopia. What a vision of fraternity the name suggests, what pictures of a land, east of the sun, west of the moon, where every discord shall be forgotten in one community of song. And yet its home is no further off than Ormskirk, whence the first publication of the Brotherhood has just made its appearance. *The Muses*, as the little periodical is called, is the official organ of the Brotherhood of Poets, who have combined into a sort of trades-union against publisher and editor.

"Why should the Poets stand,
Fronting Phillistia's band,
Singly—not hand in hand?"

This is the question which has troubled them, and its solution is their combination. The Brotherhood has a distinct constitution. There are a council to manage its affairs, fellows to give weight to its utterance, honorary members, to lend lustre to its roll. Mr. Lewis Morris has smiled approval; and the new Laureate, upon his appointment, will be asked to fill the post of President. There are certain qualifications necessary to membership. The candidate ought, it is felt, to have published a volume of verse; but if he has failed to find a publisher, and yet contributed largely to magazines, the Brotherhood will not refuse him a seat at their Round Table. This seems to have been the first scheme of qualification, but it will be felt at once that such rigorous restriction would decimate the possible number of the brothers.

To contribute poems largely to magazines is given to but few; to be a poet is not necessarily to be printed. And so it has been agreed, finally, that a candidate may hope for brotherhood if he can show a sufficiently large number of poems in MS., which manifest merit enough to satisfy the Council. There have been rumors of this little club for some while, and now the first number of their periodical is before the public. The poet is notoriously not a man of affairs, and one would scarcely expect the Brotherhood to have provided for a large circulation. Still, it is unfortunate that the Council should not have thought of acquiring a London agent for the sale of their magazine. A hot, dusty afternoon, spent in a prolonged journey from the west to the east of London, diversified by periodical plunges into booksellers' shops, found me at last in Paternoster Row, my last resource exhausted, and my search unsatisfied. To commune with *The Muses* one must seek the country; unlike Mr. Dobson, the new poets are "shy on London stones." The periodical purchased reveals many names hitherto unknown to fame,—not one, indeed, that is familiar to students of contemporary verse. It reveals, too, a fact which was perhaps foreseen, that the Brotherhood is stronger in good-fellowship than in art. In sympathy they are brothers, but, alas! they are not poets. And what a quaint, unpractical, quixotic venture it all is! As I sit and listen to the roar of the traffic in the Strand, and watch the binder's wagon next door discharging its bales of volumes into the publisher's trade-entrance, I cannot but marvel in reflection upon the gulf which separates the real from the ideal. How pathetic it seems—this little body of verse-makers in the security of their country lanes, wandering hand in hand under the greenwood tree, vowing a combined resistance to the retarding opposition of Trade; and then, in the ecstasy of their dream, forgetting to appoint a London agent, and rendering it almost an impossibility for a would-be reader to peruse their work at all. Who but will sympathize, even though he smile? And yet

"Not here, O Apollo,
Are haunts meet for thee."

It seems as if no brotherhood of poets which is to be in very deed a *brotherhood*, and at the same time to be composed of genu-

ine poets, can flourish far from Fleet Street. Literature migrates to London at last; and it is here alone that practical combination is possible. The Brotherhood of Poets has indeed been forestalled by the Rhymers' Club, which is as different from its successor as Mr. Swinburne from Martin Tupper. Most Americans know the Cheshire Cheese, that old, oak-panelled hostelry in a court off Fleet Street; with Dr. Johnson's seat still in evidence; with its sanded floor and its rich, satisfying lark-pudding. One seldom dines there without meeting a little body of Americans under Dr. Johnson's portrait. It is here that the Rhymers' Club meet, eat their dinner, and afterwards read their rhymes. And these are practical men, young men-of-letters who have work to do, whose songs are the diversion of an evening, not the profession of every day. They issued one little volume, a year ago, and are now contemplating another. Meanwhile, not one of them but is known outside their own circle; most of them are practical journalists; one, it is reported, has even had time in the intervals of work to formulate a religion especially adapted to the man-of-letters, and to make a book of it. Mr. Richard le Gallienne, perhaps the most conspicuous name in the club, over and above his book on George Meredith, is one of the most constant critics of the *Daily Chronicle*, and twice a week renders literary the radical evening paper, *The Star*, to which he contributes a column of criticism. Mr. Lionel Johnson, who less than three years ago came up to town from New College, Oxford, has his study of Mr. Thomas Hardy just ready, and is already well-advanced in a work on historic Chelsea. Mr. Arthur Symonds is on the staff of *The Athenaeum*, and has, moreover, originated a speciality for himself. He is the authority on the music hall. He has been the first to take the variety entertainment seriously, to observe the important position which it fills in the social world of to-day, and to apply to it worthy and discriminating criticism. Mr. Ernest Rhys, who lived for some months last year in Wales, has made a special study of the Cymric ballads, on which he recently lectured, and of which he is, we understand, preparing a volume. Mr. W. B. Yeats is great on the legends of Ireland; and Mr. Ernest Dowson has written, in collaboration, a three-volume novel which will appear in the autumn. Early in May Mr. Le Gallienne will also combine with two other poets, Mr. Hayes and Mr. Norman Gale, in a collection of verse to be entitled "Fellowship in Song." This, surely, is practical activity,—the stuff of which a poetic brotherhood is fitly made. Meanwhile, all who have sympathy with the poet's mind (and who has not?) will wish well to the little body at Ormskirk, and hope for them just that access of the business spirit which is indispensable to success.

LONDON, 8 April, 1893.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Chicago Letter

THE WINTER covering was removed a few days ago from the great fountain in front of the Administration Building, and though the water is not yet rushing over it and plunging into the lagoon, one can, nevertheless, gain an idea of the ultimate effect. Mr. Frederick Mac Monnies, who is responsible for this notably original conception, has carried out his idea with a firm dignified self-reliance which will add a new distinction to his name. The unity of the composition, its stately pyramidal effect focussed in the imposing figure of Columbia,—this is a triumph for the artist, who in achieving beauty in the lines of his design has gained it also in details. The great barge of state, which rises high out of the water, is heralded by Fame who sounds her trumpet in the prow, and steered by Time whose sickle is bound to the rudder. To the front, where the water rushes to its fall, four dolphins driven by youths guide the cavalcade, postilion-like; and the barge is manned on each side by four stalwart women, who stand to their oars,—graceful, strong-limbed creatures, with a fascinating difference in their similarity, and a superb beauty of line and motion. High above these, queen of the fête, is the seated figure of Columbia; and it is in this conception that Mr. Mac Monnies has shown his calibre. Original and even daring as it is, he justifies it not only through beauty, but through a certain convincing, self-confident truth. This slender, distinguished figure holds herself proudly erect, looking out upon the world with pure, fearless eyes, unconscious of danger, confident of her power to overcome any obstacle to her progress. There is a kind of arrogance in her majesty, an imperious self-assertion, which will proclaim her right to rule if she finds it disputed, and demands the admiration due to her achievements. One gives it unquestioningly, though, to this lordly woman, who in spite of her arrogance is armed with gentleness and sympathy. A fine and beautiful figure, she expresses in a way the restless, self-assertive, triumphant energy of the Republic.

In passing from this to the sculptural decorations for the Illinois Building, one cannot avoid taking that fatal step away from the sublime. The building itself is the worst thing on the grounds, and it

carries a dome which makes its ugliness unpleasantly conspicuous. In decorating the interior of this structure the builders have been animated by a praiseworthy desire to patronize women, but unfortunately they apparently did not believe in the fundamental principle that only good work deserves encouragement. The distinction of sex was the only one regarded by them, and the result in sculpture is pathetic. Women who should be copying casts or modelling acorns were given commissions for allegorical figures of heroic size, and six of these will serve to ornament the main exhibition-gallery. It is easy to guess the subjects of these statues, for "Maternity" carries a child, "Art" a palette and brushes, and "Faith" turns her eyes devoutly upward. But it is best to be content with this discovery, for if one examines the anatomical construction of the figures, one is introduced to a new and surprising science. Nothing is impossible to these innovators, who are quite ready to revise God's handiwork wherever it seems to them desirable. Their revision does not take the direction of idealism, however; it knows no law, apparently, and whimsically fashions an arm of abnormal size or conceives a new and difficult turn of the throat or a remarkable twist of the leg with a capricious disregard of natural limitations. Originality at least is theirs. Women painters have also been given an opportunity in the Illinois Building, and though their work is less novel than that of the sculptors it has more beauty to recommend it. Miss Ida J. Burgess was placed in charge of the decorations for the reception-room, and she has made the main feature of the room a wide frieze, below which the walls will be covered with a rich green and gold brocade. The frieze is divided into twelve sections, which have been painted by Chicago women. The effect is scattered and heterogeneous, but taken separately, some of the work is very good. The panel called "Learning" by Miss Burgess is the best of them, simpler than the others and more purely decorative, with its pale greens and violets and its lovely dignified figure. Miss Kellogg's painting is also good in color, deeper and richer than the other, and it is well-drawn and composed; and in these latter qualities Miss Dohn's "Industrial Arts" also is strong. Of the others Miss Wade's quiet landscape and Miss Gerow's flowers are much the most effective.

Mr. Johannes Gelert has just completed his most important contribution to the Fine Arts department of the Fair—a group containing six life-size figures in the round. "Struggle for Work" he calls it, and it is founded on an incident common in the manufacturing centres of England, representing a fight for a ticket which entitles a man to work in the big factory from whose windows it has just been thrown. The composition is admirable, centring as it does in the figure of the triumphant laborer, on either side of whom a youth and an old man vainly try to reach the prize. Below, a woman has fallen prostrate over her infant, and a crying child clasps the victor's knees. These figures are well held together, so that the grouping is effective from all sides. Mr. Gelert is a realist pure and simple; and he has made no attempt to ennoble his types, thereby missing almost entirely that beauty which is the first essential in art. But there is fine dramatic strength in his conception, and a certain rugged pathos which gives it a noble dignity.

Mr. Henry B. Fuller's Chicago novel, the essay in realism of which I have already written to *The Critic*, will be published during the summer months in *Harper's Magazine* and appear in book-form in the fall. With his airy, delicate satire Mr. Fuller has touched off many of our pet follies in his books, but none more happily than that publicity which attaches to all modern life. "It had struck the Chatelaine," he says when Fin-de-Siècle suggested to that delightful old-world creature the possibility of putting an acquaintance into a book—"It had struck the Chatelaine that the propriety of using a friend in that way might fairly be questioned—one should be allowed, she thought, undisputed possession of one's own personality; but she was hardly recent enough, as yet, to understand that notoriety was the most delicate compliment that one modern could pay another." Nevertheless, it is a compliment singularly easy to obtain; and here in the West, at least, however quiet and unpretentious one's life may be, it is discovered sooner or later and patronized in the public prints. There is no escape even in obscurity from this modern dragon, whose hunger is insatiable, whose kindly malevolence, if I may so express it, is beyond hope of reformation. The distinction between a man's work in the world, which often legitimately belongs to the public, and his personality, which belongs to himself, is not drawn—is not even understood in our day and generation. And a man like Taine, who forbade the sale of his photographs and the publication of his private letters, is actually considered eccentric.

CHICAGO, 18 April, 1893.

LUCY MONROE.

"The Critic has taken a step in the right direction," says *The Christian Union*, "in arranging for a regular letter from Chicago, to be furnished by Miss Lucy Monroe, a young lady of fine attainments, both in literature and art. Ignorance of the intellectual life of the

West is altogether too prevalent among cultivated as well as uncultivated people in the East, and the establishment of any new and regular avenue of communication which will dissipate this ignorance is a thing to be rejoiced in. The East has quite as much to learn from the West as the West from the East. Miss Monroe's introductory letter is excellent in form and interesting in matter."

The Fine Arts

The Society of American Artists' 15th Exhibition

THOSE WHO believe that the human body unadorned is the best of subjects for the artist have reason to be pleased with the present exhibition at the Fine Arts Society's galleries; for the nude is as conspicuously present there as it is absent from most of our exhibitions. And, while many of the examples are small, and some of them technically deficient in one way or another, it is plain that the painters take this sort of subject seriously, and that people who are disposed to question its propriety must choose between a tolerance of the nude as it is here treated and the lowering of the standard of technical excellence which the Society of American Artists has raised. Messrs. Cox, Chase, Walker, Low, Brush, Tarbell, Curran, Reid and Bell in painting, and Mr. Ruckstuhl in sculpture, show studies of the undraped, or partly draped, figure. In his "Sleep," Mr. Cox has, for once, allowed himself the luxury of painting with a full brush and a free hand, and the result more than meets our expectations. The pose is a very happy one, and the symbolic poppy was not needed to show that sleep had "streamed down through the branches" and overwhelmed the vigorous young body thrown forward upon the red mantle. Mr. Cox is making progress in several directions. His "Daffodilly"—a young woman knitting in a room fitted up in various tones of greenish yellow, like those of the flower—is, with the exception of his smaller nude, "The Stream's Secret," the nearest approach to a complete color-harmony that he has given us. His more usual scheme of clashing reds, browns and yellows is seen in Mrs. Cox's so-called "Arrangement in Yellow" (portrait); but in her "Psyche" (nude), she asserts her independence as to both color and handling. Mr. Cox, we are sorry to be obliged to add, has shirked the responsibility which he has incurred of depicting emotion in his painting of "The Fall and the Expulsion." His female figures, particularly the Serpent, are charming; but it seems to be only a slight peccadillo to which she is enticing mother Eve, too trivial to be the cause of all our woe; and Adam's back is turned where he takes the apple, and his face is buried in his hands where he is being expelled from Paradise by an angel who looks much too like an overgrown choir-boy. This angel, in his white surplice, is a blot on the composition; and if Mr. Cox were a more wary allegorist he would not have made him appear to spring from the same slimy serpent folds with the temptress.

That a jury of artists does not always award prizes from considerations of merit only is shown by the selection of Mr. Tarbell's "The Bath" for the Shaw Fund prize. We do not suppose that the artist himself would claim that it is the best figure-composition in the exhibition. Its one merit is a certain moderate degree of success in the painting of flesh; in all else it is manifestly inferior to Mr. Cox's "Sleep" and Mr. Chase's "Study," to mention those only of the number of paintings which are in various ways superior to it. Mr. H. O. Walker's "Morning"—two graceful half-nude figures of a boy and girl—is unfinished; but his "Mother and Child" is beautifully painted, and, as is usual with him, is full of a quiet and refined sentiment. Mr. Reid's "Study" of a model between firelight and daylight is better in the intention than in the execution. Mr. Curran and Mr. Low both treat the nude decoratively, and the latter rather weakly, in his "Autumn Haze"; but his study of the draped figure in his "Golden Rod" marks a distinct step in advance.

In portraiture, Mr. Du Mond and Mr. Church have made more of the drapery than of the persons in it. Mr. Du Mond's "Portia" is gorgeous in crimson and dark red, but the face lacks animation and is not helped by coming against the tasselled fringe of the curtain back of it. Mr. Chase's painting in white satin and white fur in his "Portrait of Miss C—" is extremely clever, but the face is insipid. The best work of his in the exhibition is, however, a portrait, though only a head, of the wood-engraver, Henry Wolf, whose features he has conjured on the canvas with a rain of lucky brush-strokes. Other good portraits are by R. W. Vonnoh, William H. Hyde, Kenneth Frazier and Thomas W. Dewing. Mr. Frazier seems to aim at the sort of distinction that Mr. Dewing attains in his "Girl in White." Mr. Joseph H. Boston, in his "Portrait of Miss R—," seems to have aimed simply at painting a good portrait, and to have attained his aim.

In about half of the landscapes the now familiar Impressionist recipe is followed with more or less success. Mr. Theodore Robinson's six contributions, in all of which the landscape is of more

account than the figures, are easily the best of this class. Mr. Robinson no longer paints like a bold adventurer, but like a man who has found a range of subjects, a scheme of color and a mode of handling that suit him, and who is happy in exploiting his new possessions. He is much less of a colorist and much more careful of detail than his master, Monet; and, indeed, if his pictures were in pastel instead of in oils, he could hardly be regarded as an innovator. Mr. Vonnoh's two winter landscapes, Mr. Breck's "On the Ept," Mr. Barnard's "Hillside, Mystic, Connecticut," are interesting, but not as satisfactory as Mr. Robinson's "June Morning, Valley of the Seine" and his "Willows and Wild Flowers."

Mr. William A. Coffin is nearly at his best in his quiet "Morning Sunshine," in which meadow and river and sky are delightfully in keeping; and very nearly at his worst in his "Autumn Evening," in which the texture is woolly, the foliage badly rendered, and the color hot and dull. Mr. Ruger Donoho makes a notable place for himself as a marine-painter with his fine picture of surf "After a Storm." Mr. Walter L. Palmer's "Snow-Laden Pines" in shadow, with distant, snow-covered hills in sunshine; Mr. George H. Bogert's clever sketch of a village street, "Morning, Longpré"; Mr. George Wharton Edwards's "Sunshine and Rain"; Mr. Charles A. Platt's hilly and wooded "Winter Landscape"; Mr. Charles S. Reinhart's "Beach at Villerville"; and Mr. Henry G. Dearth's "Edge of the Woodland" are landscapes before which one is inclined to linger; and in Mr. Horatio Walker's "Frosty Morning" one hardly knows what to admire most, the crisp herbage fringed with rime, the far-away blue sky, the shepherd or his sheep;—all play their part in stirring up the memory and the fancy, and one feels the ground hard beneath one's feet and breathes the keen air that comes out of that steel-blue distance with delight.

Perhaps this picture of Mr. Walker's gives a zest to Mr. Christian Meyer's "Cheeses," Mr. Carlsen's pullet ready to be plucked, and Mr. Chase's sauce-pans, more than what is due to their proper beauties. But no suspicion of the sort attaches to our enjoyment of Anne Dehon Blake's "White Carnations," a study which would charm the heart of a Dutch virtuoso. Mr. Childe Hassam's "Last Light on the City," a roof-garden at evening with two figures in white; Mr. Thayer's gypsy-like "Virgin," with two tatterdemalion children; Miss Caroline T. Hecker's "Centre Panel of an Altar" and Mr. Warner's colossal bust of Gov. Flower (plaster) are altogether too good to be passed over in silence; and, indeed, there are few things in the exhibition which are not worthy of notice if we had space at demand.

Water-Colors at the Union League

THE SHOW of water-colors at the Union League Club, April 13-15, was remarkably interesting. Two examples of Turner's work, shipping in a breeze "Off Dover," and "Fluelen," a very Italianesque rendering of a Welsh landscape, would, by themselves, have made the exhibition a notable one. But there were also three of La Farge's South Pacific studies; "Peak of Mauna Roa," "Palms in Storm with Rain," and a sketch from nature of a Samoan orator addressing visitors in the open space before the flower-decked pillars of the guest-house. There were two interesting examples of Decamps, one of which, a "View of San Remo," was in his very best manner, largely treated, effective and warm in tone. Many of the drawings by American artists had been seen in New York before, as Mr. Abbey's "The Old Song"; but Mr. Coffin's "Winter Morning" with a splendid sky full of cirrus clouds boldly brushed in, Mr. Will H. Drake's "Forest Stream" with deer, Mr. Winslow Homer's "English Harbor at Sunset" and Mr. Satterlee's two drawings of trout were new to us and highly creditable to the artists. It speaks well for the energy of the art-committee that such a collection should be got together at the present time, when the great exhibition at Chicago is absorbing so much of our artists' best work.

French Bindings at the World's Fair

THE BINDINGS sent by Léon Gruel to the World's Fair will show what that successor of Trautz Bauzonnet is capable of producing. Like the work of Trautz, that of Gruel would be a work of art even if entirely without ornament; which cannot always be said of the beautifully decorated but often weakly or clumsily constructed bindings of Marius Michel, his chief competitor. As a decorator, Gruel contents himself with imitating the works of the old masters of his art; he has specimens in the styles of Maioli, Le Gascon and Derôme, and he has made a specialty of engraved and modelled leather in the Gothic manner. One of the most beautiful specimens of his work in this way covers a book of prayers woven in silk—miniatures, black-letter characters and all—by some ambitious manufacturer of Lyons. Another is on a copy of the artist's own "Manuel Historique et Bibliographique de l'Amateur de Relieurs." In this he has introduced among the Gothic foliage and flowers of the border a crane (grue) and a book, as his "marque parlante."

The prices of some of the rarities bound by him are worth noting. A "Livre de Mariage," MS. on vellum, bound in brown morocco, with a bas-relief in ivory of the Marriage at Cana inserted, and with clasps in silver-gilt, is priced at 2800 francs; the copy of the "Manuel," just mentioned, is 2000 francs; a manuscript copy of the "Imitation de Jésus-Christ," translated by Lamennais, with miniatures by E. Moreau and G. Ledoux, will cost the purchaser 20,000 francs; while an exact copy of Mme. de Pompadour's blotter in citron morocco, with flowers inlaid in blue and red, may be had for 700 francs. M. Gruel does not restrict himself to book-bindings exclusively. Other specimens of his skill in the shape of a leather-covered casket, a card-case in Renaissance style and a scissors-case after a model in the Cluny Museum, will also be seen at Chicago, where M. Gruel will be represented by M. Em. Terquem. A catalogue of the collection may be seen at Mr. J. O. Wright's, 6 East 42d Street.

"Architecture—a Profession or an Art?"

UNDER THE ABOVE heading the cause of architecture as an art is taken up in *The Nineteenth Century* for March by Mr. T. G. Jackson, who holds, not without show of reason, that it is in need of being defended against those who make a profession of architecture but who are not in any real sense artists. He protests against the authority of the "chartered Institute which claims to represent the profession, and does in fact represent the professional view of it." With considerable vigor Mr. Jackson holds out for free art against this proposal "to sweep us all, whether we will or no, into the net of a gigantic trades-union, and to forbid any artist, however great his genius and acquirements, to practise architecture unless he submits to the approval and certificate of a Board of Examiners, perhaps in every way his inferiors." Of the conditions which have led to this state of things, none are quite peculiar to England. We have here "architects" who practise auctioneering, or building, or speculating in real-estate with the right hand and architecture with the left. We, too, seem to consider architecture to be something which may or may not be added to a building constructed without any care for art; and our students of architecture study too much out of books and in "the office." Mr. Jackson's article is, therefore, interesting to Americans, the more so as it is likely that the same causes here will lead to the same result—that is, an effort to raise the standard of the profession at the expense of the art.

A Defence

WRITTEN ON BEING CHARGED WITH UNDUE FRANKNESS

[Norman R. Gale, in the London *Literary World*]

DEAR country Muse, my heart's delight,
Whose purity displays
The rounded nude of loveliness
For shepherd-pipes to praise—

Dear Muse, that dancing on the green
Inspired my country tone,
Have I who saw your chastity
In seeing lost my own?

Have I, for all your liberal love
And wildflower music, taught
A multitude your bosom's white
Uncovered, but unsought—

And not this lesson from your snow,
This knowledge from your knee—
That more of virtue, less of robe,
Belongs to purity?

With glimpses of a sunny neck,
And ripe untrespassed lips
That boasted even brighter red
Than any autumn hips,

Barefooted, in a rebel robe
That kissed your careless knee,
And showed the splendor of your shape
With woodland modesty,

You danced adown a forest-aisle
And taught me from the store
Of simple airs your lyric lips
Shall sing for evermore,

In what array your beauty came—
I sang it as I might;
So sings the pupil blackbird, so
The poet of the night;

The thrush, a student of your dance,
Divinely serenades
Your revelation of the limbs
That twinkle in the glades.

Should I within your leafy school
The only scholar sit
To pipe discordantly, and be
Less trusted than the tit?

Not so, sweet country Muse! The wood
Demands the scanty gown;
Why should their London velvets clog
Your dances on the down?

I have not shamed you, O my love
So friendly and so wild!
You shall not blush to teach again
Your lover and your child!

Who call me base must think me base;
But soon afresh for me
Your speeding footsteps in the grass
Shall prove my purity!

An Important Biblical Find

DR. WILLIAM HAYES WARD, we presume, is the writer of the following paragraphs from last week's *Independent* :—

"We are very glad that we are able to give information, which we have not yet seen in print in this country or abroad, of the discovery of an extremely important Biblical manuscript, one of the Curetonian Syriac New Testament. We are not yet informed whether it contains the whole New Testament or not, but it does contain at least the four Gospels substantially complete. It is a palimpsest manuscript, and the work of reading it is not easy. The Curetonian is the earliest Syriac version of the New Testament, going back, it is believed, into the second century, and was replaced in common use by the Peshitto, which is the ordinary Syriac version, and hitherto the most valuable of all the versions of the New Testament. Only fragments of the Curetonian Syriac were before known, obtained from odd leaves of parchment found in the Nitrian Monastery.

"Scholars will be very much interested to know that this new manuscript, which we hope will be published before long, does not contain the last eight verses of Mark, although the Nitrian fragments do contain part of them.

"Within the last few years there have been discovered a commentary, from which we recover much of the Diatesseron of Tatian, the Teaching of the Apostles, the Apology of Aristides, portions of fragments of the Jerusalem Syriac version of the New Testament, and the Gospel and Revelation of Peter. If we went back a little further, we should have to add the Sinaitic manuscript, the Philosophumena of Hippolytus. Now what we most want to find are the writings of Papias and the Aramaic Matthew.

"We may add as another interesting item that a very fine old copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch has lately been brought to this country by the Rev. William S. Watson of Guttenburg, N. J., and that it contains a colophon stating that it was written in 629 A. H., by Abraham ben Israel ben Ephraim ben Joseph, the Prince-King of Israel. This would be A.D. 1241, more than 100 years earlier than the earliest dated Samaritan manuscript in the British Museum."

Notes

APROPOS of Mr. Stanton's description of the library of the late M. Renan in *The Critic* of April 8, the Chicago *Dial* says:—"It would be very desirable to secure this collection for the United States, and 'manifest destiny' points to Chicago as the place where it would be of the greatest ultimate usefulness. We trust that the Newberry Library or the University of Chicago may see fit to take steps towards obtaining this collection." We trust that if the treasure comes to these shores, it will never cross the Hudson. There is ample room for it in New York!

—Mr. Joel Chandler Harris is writing a novel which he has named "Aaron," and at the same time he is engaged upon a play and several short stories. This imaginative work is done in the moments snatched from his journalistic duties.

—Mr. Marion Crawford will have an article on "Joseph Bonaparte in Bordentown" in the *May Century*, based upon advance-sheets of a biography of Joseph by M. Georges Bertin. An article by Mrs. van Rensselaer in the same number will tell how best to see the World's Fair. The originals of Castaigne's illustrations for this paper will form a part of *The Century's* exhibit at Chicago. Another article will describe an old note-book in which Artemus Ward

made many quaint entries, on his journeyings here and there. A special cover has been designed for this number by Mr. Stanford White.

—A few weeks ago we quoted, without endorsement, a report that Mr. Stevenson was going to England. Now we read in the daily papers the following despatch:—"San Francisco, April 14.—Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, who, it was reported, would arrive on the Mariposa, from Sydney, on his way to London, stopped off at Samoa on account of ill-health and has given up his proposed trip."

—M. Paderewski will give a parlor recital for the benefit of the Children's Charitable Union and the New York Kindergarten Association, at No. 7 East Seventy-second St., next Tuesday afternoon, April 25, at 3 o'clock. A limited number of tickets, at \$5, may be obtained from Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, 72 East 34th Street, and others.

—M. Paderewski will give his last recital in New York at Music Hall next Saturday afternoon, April 29. He will not be heard here again for several years, it is said, as he has made up his mind to go among the mountains of France and Switzerland and devote himself to composition. Mr. Theodore Thomas has induced him to postpone his departure for a few days, and to participate in the opening World's Fair concerts at Chicago on May 2 and 3. M. Paderewski's performance for the benefit of the Summer Rest Society last year added near \$2000 to the Society's treasury. From the sixth annual report of this worthy institution (which is not a charity, in the technical sense, though nobly charitable in aim and accomplishment) we learn that of the fifty-one paying guests at its summer home last year, all but two or three were women engaged in professional work. Miss Eleanor Blodgett (24 West 12th Street) is President and Miss Ettie Shippen (62 East 34th Street) Treasurer.

—Verdi's "Falstaff" has just been sung in Rome with great success. The King and Queen of Italy were present and after the second act the composer was invited into the Royal box to receive the Royal congratulations.

—"Although M. Gounod declared some years ago that he would write no more for the stage," says *The Athenaeum*, "he has contributed some of the incidental music to 'Les Drames Sacrés' of MM. Armand Silvestre and Eugène Morand, which saw the light at the Paris Vaudeville last week."

—Col. Henry L. Higginson has engaged Hans Richter, leader for the past eighteen years of the Imperial Opera and the Philharmonic Concerts at Vienna, to conduct the performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season. Herr Richter is one of the very few leaders who could succeed Herr Nikisch without the effect of an anti-climax. He is in the prime of life (just fifty years of age) and will enlarge his popular reputation by this new departure.

—The body of Charles Longfellow, eldest son of the poet, who died at Cambridge, Mass., on Thursday of last week, was cremated at Germantown, Penn., on Monday. There were no services at the crematory. Mr. R. H. Dana of Boston alone witnessed the incineration. Some account of the career of Mr. Longfellow is given in our Boston Letter.

—Several well-known English journalists have arrived in New York, en route to the Chicago Fair, among the number being Mr. Clement Shorter of *The Illustrated London News* and *The Sketch*. Mr. Clement Scott, the London *Telegraph's* dramatic critic, has arrived at San Francisco in the course of an eastward trip around the world, and has this week married there Miss Constance Brandon, an author and composer of popular songs, who has gone half way round the world to meet him. M. Octave Uzanne, the bibliophile, has recently come from France to attend the Fair.

—"Mr. Hall Caine," says *The Publishers' Circular*, "is going to forsake Cumberland for the Isle of Man. He has taken Greeba Castle, a lovely old battlemented house high up the side of Greeba Mountain, close to Peel, and among the fisher-folk of whom Cap'n Davy is an excellent representative. Mr. Caine is hard at work on his new story, 'The Prophet.'"

—The department of Library Economy at the Amherst Summer School (July 24-Aug. 26) will open somewhat later than usual this year, owing to the lecturer's attendance upon the World's Congress of Librarians at Chicago; the World's Fair will prevent the opening of any of the other departments this Summer. As usual, the instruction in the details of library management will be given by Mr. William I. Fletcher, Librarian of Amherst College, than whom there could be no more competent teacher.

—The Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in this city, and the author of a study of the poetry of Tennyson, has declined the chair of Sacred Rhetoric offered him by the Andover Theological Seminary. Dr. Van Dyke is about to take a

long vacation and will not return to his church work until the autumn.

—Dr. A. J. White of this city (Yale '46) has commissioned Messrs. J. C. Cady & Co. to design for Yale College a dormitory building to cost about \$140,000.

—In a footnote to the opening instalment of a scholarly article on "Shakespeare's 'Julius Caesar,'" in the April *Poet-Lore*, Dr. W. J. Rolfe warns the reader that certain portions of this paper were printed in England several years ago, without the author's name. This forestalls the charge of plagiarism that otherwise would have been brought forward in hot haste by some detector of the identity of the paragraphs in question.

—Hereafter there is to be a special summer term at the National Conservatory of Music. For particulars the Secretary should be addressed, at 126 East 17th Street.

—*Longman's Magazine* thinks it not a little curious that we should be able to say with precision that "at nine o'clock of the morning, on October 31, 1676, at the house of Dr. Lazarus Seaman, in Warwick Court, Warwick Lane, began the first book auction that ever took place in England."

—We regret to learn of the discontinuance of *Arcadia*, a fortnightly journal of music, art and literature, conducted at Montreal by Mr. Joseph Gould.

—Mr. Henry T. Finck's "Life of Wagner" will be published this month by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—B. Westermann & Co. are asking subscriptions for a royal quarto by Dr. Max Ohnefalsch-Richter, entitled "Kypros, the Bible and Homer."

—Mr. John H. Scribner, who for fifteen years has been identified with the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons as a literary adviser, has resigned that position to accept a similar one with the Presbyterian Board of Publication in Philadelphia, where certain business responsibilities will be coupled with his literary cares. Mr. Scribner is a Princeton man, and a nephew of the late Charles Scribner, who founded the Scribner firm. Mr. E. W. Morse succeeds Mr. Scribner, without, however, resigning the post he has filled so acceptably for several years—that of editor of *The Book-Buyer*.

—Mr. Isaac F. Wood of Rahway, N. J., writes to *The Evening Post* that among his autographs ("solicited") is this:—

"Leave what to do, and what to spare,
To the inspiring moment's care—
Nor look for payment—
But just to wear

Unspotted raiment.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL."

—Dr. Naville, the distinguished explorer for the Egypt Exploration Fund, sends word through the Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow of Boston, that he has succeeded in finding at Thebes (near Deir-el-Bahari) the funerary chapel of Thothmes I., and a great altar before the entrance, built of white stone, erected, he thinks, by Hatasu, the famous Egyptian queen. Full particulars of this interesting discovery relating to the eighteenth dynasty may be expected later on.

—Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's review of Henry Irving's artistic work at the London Lyceum Theatre, covering twenty years of the actor's life, is about to appear.

—A second series of Mr. William Winter's papers on actors and playwrights, published under the title of "Shadows of the Stage" by the Macmillans, is just out. In it he writes of the elder Booth, of Miss Rehan's acting of Rosalind and other parts, of Lawrence Barrett, Richard Mansfield, Sarah Bernhardt, Adelaide Ristori, Mme. Modjeska and others.

—Prof. Henry Drummond's Lowell lectures are copyrighted and will be brought out in due time by his publishers in this country, James Pott & Co.

—In the course of the sale of Mitchell's by Bangs & Co. last week, \$65 was paid for a copy of the "Proceedings of a Board of General Officers Held by order of His Excellency, General Washington, Respecting Major André, September 29, 1780." A beautiful manuscript, "Hours of the Blessed Virgin," on fine vellum, illuminated with twenty-nine miniatures and delicately painted borders, and dated 1523, was secured after a sharp contest by a representative of the Scribners for \$307.50. The original manuscript of Charles Lamb's "Cupid's Revenge," covering forty-four octavo pages, was sold to a dealer for \$110. A fine copy of Molière, in two volumes, 16mo, Paris, Thomas Jolly, 1666, brought \$110. On the last day, a set of thirty-eight signatures by signers of the Declaration of Independence brought \$187. A letter of Washington's was sold for \$52.

—We find this in the *Tribune*:—"It may be remembered that two or three years ago Longfellow came under the ban of some of the educational authorities in Brooklyn, who maintained that 'The

Building of the Ship' was not a proper poem to be read or studied in the schools; was, in fact, of a sort to bring a blush to the cheek of the Young Person. The incident created considerable stir, not only in Brooklyn, but throughout the country. It would naturally be supposed that the Superintendent of Schools in that city, who was responsible for the selection of the poem referred to, would have learned wisdom by that experience. He has, however, been so indiscreet as to select for critical reading for the present term a poetical work by one Walter Scott, entitled 'The Lady of the Lake.' The consequence is that one member of the Board of Education has perused the work, and has found that it contains a note which, in his judgment, calls for the suppression of the poem, so far as the Brooklyn schools and school-children are concerned. The School Commissioners and principals in our sister city are a queer and interesting lot. First Longfellow, then Scott! What famous poet will be the next victim?

—Two more Balzac books, "A Great Man of the Provinces" (the second part of "Lost Illusions") and "The Brotherhood of Consolation" ("L'Envers de L'Histoire Contemporaine"), have been prepared by Miss Wormeley for Roberts Bros.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question, for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1695.—Will you kindly let me know in what year was published, and in which volume of Lowell's is his poem on Dante?

E. W. LEPPETT.

["On a portrait of Dante by Giotto"—his only poem on Dante—was published in "Poems: Second Series," Cambridge, 1848.]

1696.—Whence comes the following quotation?

A nature half-transformed, with qualities
Not blent, but mingled, binding strange effects
Passing the reckonings of his friends and foes.

D.

1697.—Will you kindly give the correct pronunciation of Romola?

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

A. B.

[The accent is on the first syllable, the *o* being sounded as in the English word *nor*.]

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

- Adams, W. I. L. Amateur Photography. 30c. Baker & Taylor Co.
Beaumarchais, P. A. C. de. Le Barbier de Séville. Ed. by I. H. B. Spiers. 25c.
Beale, A. Simplicity and Fascination. 30c. D. C. Heath & Co.
Benson, R. M. The Divine Exodus. Part I. \$1.75. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Bibliographies of the Present Officers of Yale University, 1893. Longmans, Green & Co.
Bibliotheca Americana, 1893. 30c. New Haven: Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor.
Black, W. Shandon Bells. 80c. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.
Bourget, P. Un Scrupule. 40c. Amblard & Meyer Bros.
Bridge, H. Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne. \$1.25.
Carleton. Stories of Our Soldiers. Boston: Journal Newspaper Co.
Clay, J. M. Some Little of the Angel Still Left. \$1. Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co.
Cornwallis, K. Conquest of Mexico and Peru. \$1. Office of the Daily Investigator.
Crockett, S. R. The Stickit Minister and Some Common Men. \$1.75.
Divinity of Jesus Christ, The. \$1. Macmillan & Co.
Douglas, A. M. Lost in a Great City. 30c. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Elton, C. I. & M. A. The Great Book-Collectors. \$2.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Fenn, G. M. Witness to the Dead. \$1. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Fitzroy, I. Was He the Other? \$1. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Fletcher, W. I. Poole's Index to Periodical Literature. Vol. III, 1887-1892. \$2. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Greek Poets in English Verse. Ed. by W. H. Appleton. \$1.50.
Greeley on Lincoln and Mr. Greeley's Letters. Ed. by J. Benton. \$1.25.
Gordon, A. The Earl of Aberdeen. \$2. Baker & Taylor Co.
Gower, R. Joan of Arc. \$7.50. Harper & Bros.
Hardy, W. J. Book-Plates. \$2.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Harrison, V. The Choice of Books. 75c. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Heimburg, W. Miss Mischief. Tr. by M. S. Smith. Macmillan & Co.
Houston, E. J. Outlines of Forestry. \$1. Robt. Bonner's Sons.
Laurie, E. S. Life and Works of Comenius. \$1. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Mathews, H. and Others. The Fate of Fenella. 30c. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
McCarthy, J. The Dictator. \$1.25. Cassell Pub. Co.
Memoirs of Baron de Marbot. Tr. by A. J. Butler. \$2.50. Harper & Bros.
Mitchell, W. Phillips Brooks. Kendallville, Ind.: Standard Press.
Oliphant, Mrs. The Sorceress. 30c. J. A. Taylor & Co.
Patten, S. N. Cost and Utility. 30c. Phila.: Am. Acad. of Polit. & Social Science.
Pitman, I. Complete Phonographic Instructor. \$1.50. I. Pitman & Sons.
Portrait Catalogue and List of Books. \$1.50. Cassell Pub. Co.
Rogers, C. K. The Philosophy of Singing. \$1.50. Harper & Bros.
Sargent, J. O. Horatian Echoes. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Spurgeon, C. H. The Gospel of the Kingdom. \$1.50. Baker & Taylor Co.
Stanley, H. M. Slavery and the Slave Trade in Africa. 30c. Harper & Bros.
Suburban and Country Homes. \$1. W. T. Comstock.
Watson, W. Excursions in Criticism. \$2. Macmillan & Co.
Wood, H. Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography. \$1.25.
Wood, C. J. Survivals in Christianity. \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Macmillan & Co.

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